THE EVENING TELEGRAPH.

PRICE THREE CENTS.] PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864. [PRICE THREE CENTS.

EORGE FRANCIS TRAIN AGAIN.

e Fireth Another Bombshell into the McClellan Ranks.

E VISITETH THE SHOW IN UNION SQUARE.

e Giveth his Impressions Thereof.

To General George B. McClellan, the ar Candidate of the Peace Platform.—lton House, Niagara Falls, September 19, 64.—Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First Cromwell, and George—if you keep on as you ve begun (in November), *you won't have any dy.* Last Sunday I stated that you would lose ery State but one. After witnessing your Chi- se performance Saturday night I am confiden will lose New Jersey. Two more such shows d the Empire City will give fifteen thousand ainst you. When Pennsylvania and Indiana te you down among the dead men, you will ther saw. Some minds must go through a sur cal operation before you can get an idea into heads. Maine says, if you could not take ichmond with Washington as a base, you will it impossible to take Washington with Rich- nd as a base.

Your "pruning hooks" are changed into ooking prunes." Seymour, the Peace candi- te, is nominated on a war platform. McClel- n, the war candidate, is nominated on a peace atform. In November you will see the differ- ce between a *fine simile* and a *sick family.* oratio sold Richmond, and *Richmond* will sell oratio. The stage wagon becomes a wag-on the ge. "Dare are seben Richmonds in de field," ld the negro aid-de-camp in Richard the Third. low many ?" "Seben." "Put up de bars, don't any more in dar." The peace bolters are all k again. 'Tis the first time that ever rats used to leave a sinking ship. Virtue meeteth th its reward. "You can't bring us back," said ood, Mullaly, and McMasters, "unless you are onger than we are, *and we know you are.*"

There are some few peace men who say that principle has been sacrificed by the Democracy power, why not join the party (as it is only a estion of power) that holds the bayonets in- ad of those who don't. Besides, as you now it the platform you are only a stump candidate the White House.

The whipper-in is a power in England. Some- dy is playing double, or H. G. would not quote Clellan through the dead Douglas.

Politics are getting clear as mud.
Even war men cheer Fernando Wood.

It only costs two thousand dollars for a McClel- n meeting. Young Ketchum said so. Pshaw! at show Saturday night cost ten times that. *enty thousand dollars. One hundred thousand ners for our starving prisoners at Andersonville.* forgive our enemies is human—to forgive our nds is divine.

Are you sure that when your committee takes pinch of snuff in Union Square, you can make nation sneeze? The West now says what East said years ago:—

God bless Manhattan! let her falsey claim,
With all the Honors due her eminence,
Wrath, Wealth, and Wisdom, abounding and to spare
Wars, riots, ruffians, at rest her borders share,
But no pens come because by sad mischance
The mobs of Paris wring the neck of France.
Fortune has ordered the chieftains the force
Of thirty Empires with our Bowery boys.

The time has arrived to state emphatically that people of the nation decline to admit that w York city owns the entire United States. eage burst that bubble. *Alas! poor Chicka- ominy Yorick!* You may lay your egg in the , but cannot make the country cackle. Man ade the one. God made the other. Way don't ne clever artist draw a caricature of the Demo- atic party. A man (your face would be recog- ed, General), hanging with a rope round his k, with the platform pushed out from under n? You are a Railway man. *You know it is ngerous to stand on the Platform.* The Union nare show was the weakest thing I ever saw esent company, of course, excepted. Any Chi- se mandarin would eclipse the lantern display the birth of a male child. Be decided. Stop se foolish shows. *The battle-field is red with r comrades' life-blood.*

The bugles blow the battle call,
And through the camp each stalwart hand,
To-day, as ever, flies to arms
To fight for God and native land!

n, Mac! on! Charge, Mac! charge! were last words of the Presidential Marmion. You itated. The carpenter told me why he refused put two holes in your pigeon-house.

Why let them make *twelve* stands in Union nare? Was it done to show that Judas was uded at the speaker's banquet? How singular Grover should bring out Faust at the Aca- my, while you were playing it in the Square. out fifty men compose that celebrated march. passing and repassing behind the scenes, it ks as if there were fifteen hundred. Twenty- o Wards move up each street, and then move wn another. There must have been *four hun- d and fifty thousand people in the Square.* The *rald* says so. Because the *Herald* is going to ngress. McKeon says:—

The office-seekers, thick as fleas,
In this opera of *Faust*,
Say to the people o-bey
But Columbia! they cannot cheat her
As he chanted "Marguerita"—
George! you're paradise is lost.

What is a barbecue?" asked Ike. "Roasting ox whole," replied Uncle Roger. Mrs. Par- gton observed that such extraordinary changes be taking place, she should not be surprised if November they roasted McClellan!

When Sir Charles Napier entered Scinde, he t this brief despatch to the Secretary of War, ecceit." Why don't you say something, neral?

There are three rooms in the house that Jack lk for you in Chicago—Attic, Cellar, and Yard. n November the Summer of your discontent l be made glorious Winter by your occupation the last.

Your vessel would founder on any sea,
With photos R. C. W. and J. V. B.

y the by, General, your commission came m your home in Ohio. Yet you live in New rsey and reside in New York. Where do you ally hail from? The Constitution prohibits h candidates being from the same State.

The square was full of patriots. They love u, General. No speaker on that platform would get an office or a contract. They surround out of pure affection. Were you elected. y would never remind you of services ren- ed.

Twenty-two elaborate spades,

Once Spade, now Club is trump,
He harbors mounting every stump,
Isaiah, Arnold, and Catalina,
Selling the people as they'd sell wine.

ROMA.

Why was they so exceeding wroth?
Their loot are left inside the trough.

ery? Will wooden speeches, wooden stands, den mottoes, wooden bands, wooden guns, wooden cocks, bring voters to your ballot- ? No, General! The whole show was manu- ured for effect outside of New York. No thusiasm, no heart, no faith. You could have d lighted a wet squib. Chicago spit on end of the match, and the brimstone declines ignite. Loud cheers for *Little* Mac. I wish ebody was brave enough to cheer for Great c. The circus show paraded the whole length Broadway, and, as I said coming from Chicago er the nomination:—

Not a drum was heard, not a single note,
As your corpse down Broadway they hurried,
Not a patriot sent up a single shout
Over the grave where McClellan was buried.

Believing that the views expressed here are e of the Convention and the people you repre-
Yam, faithfully,
Geo. Francis Train.

The French publisher Gosselin has just pub- ed a work containing the biographies of all present members of the Corps Legislatif.

It is said that M. Thiers has determined to lish a pamphlet, in which he will refute the uments contained in M. de Persigny's recent ech, and endeavor to overthrow his theory of vernment.

The first volume of the Emperor Napoleon's g-expected "Life of Cæsar" is announced posi- ely to ap r in November or December next. e second olume will appear in a month or six eks after he first, and the concluding volumes l then appear at short intervals.

THIRD EDITION

Gen. Grant's Army.

STARTLING REPORT AT BALTIMORE.

The Great Battle Commenced.

HEAVY FIGHTING YESTERDAY.

Special to The Evening Telegraph.

Baltimore, September 24.—We have rumors by the Norfolk boat to-day, which say that General Grant was fighting heavily yesterday, and was gaining a great success over the Rebels. The movement of troops is very active here.

FROM THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac, September 22, P. M.—The firing between the picket in front of the right of the 3d Division, 2d Corps, still continues, and casualties continue daily.

To-day a private of the 93d New York was killed, being shot through the head. A sergeant of the 57th Pennsylvania lost a leg this morning.

Yesterday a new recruit, only here three days, and belonging to the 20th Massachusetts, was killed in front of the 9th Corps, and his pocket rifled of $450. It was said he was killed and robbed by Rebel sharpshooters, but many doubt the truth of the statement. Recruits should not bring such large amounts of money with them into the field. As a general thing, they are never easy until all they have is either spent at the sutler's, gambled away, or stolen from them.

One was seen to offer one hundred dollars for a canteen of whisky the other day, but he failed to obtain it even at that price.

To-day the batteries of the 3d Division, 2d Corps, were ordered to open fire on a barn from which the Rebel sharpshooters have annoyed our men for some time past. The fire was so effectual as to make them decamp in rather a hurried manner from their hiding-place.

September 23, A. M.—All is quiet this morning

INTERESTING FROM WASHINGTON

LATEST FROM PETERSBURG.

The Rebel Prisoners at Point Lookout.

EFFECT OF EARLY'S DEFEAT IN RICHMOND.

Special to The Evening Telegraph.

Washington, September 24.—The steamer *Vanderbilt*, from City Point, reports affairs unchanged before Petersburg. The *Vanderbilt* brought up fifty-five Rebel deserters, including one captain.

During the present week one hundred and twenty-five deserters have come into our lines from a single Florida regiment. They say that nine tenths of Lee's men are conscripts, who will take the first opportunity to desert.

There are now 6300 Rebel prisoners at Point Lookout; 150 arrived there yesterday from Grant's army, and within a week some 400 have been transferred to Northern prisons.

Twenty refugees crossed from the Virginia shore yesterday, and succeeded in reaching Point Lookout. Some of the party are from Richmond; and they say that the news of Early's first defeat in the valley had just reached Richmond, and caused the greatest consternation, and refugees were leaving Richmond in droves, thinking it about time to get out of "Dixie."

On Wednesday morning a party of sutlers left Harper's Ferry in company with a Government supply train, *en route* for Sheridan's army. Between Charleston and Winchester the wagon belonging to C. H. Gould, Sutler, 1st Vermont Cavalry, upset, and a guard of twenty men was left to protect it.

While camped for the night, five miles from Winchester, they were surprised by twenty-five of Moseby's men, who captured the party, robbing them of money and goods to the amount of four thousand, and thirty horses.

TO-DAY'S WASHINGTON NEWS.

Special Despatches to Evening Telegraph.

Washington, September 24.

Fremont's Letter.

Fremont's letter is still considerably discussed. His retreating fire upon the Administration is deemed more advantageous to the cause than his unequivocal praise. But Sherman leads in epistolary warfare.

Movements of our Armies.

There are evidently movements now being developed connected with our armies which will soon electrify and still further rejoice the hearts of all loyal people.

Admiral Porter Gone West.

Admiral Porter left here last evening, *en route via* Cairo for his old post of duty on the Mississippi river, thus effectually settling all rumors to the contrary.

Rumors about the "Hartford."

The Navy Department has no information confirming the rumored destruction of the *Hartford*.

Sick Soldiers to Visit Home to Vote.

Surgeon-General Barnes has issued an order to the Superintendents of Hospitals, directing them to permit all soldiers able to travel, and yet unfit for duty, to visit their homes and remain until after the Presidential election. As the order is general, and makes no exceptions, there can be no ground for complaint if the "straws" do not show the wind coming from a quarter to suit the Copperheads.

Game of Brag.

An influential and prominent Copperhead leader was recently overheard impressing upon a fellow-copatriot of Jeff. Davis, that "we must bring this Presidential election through." "There are times," said he, "when 'taint necessary, but we must do it this time on Little Mac."

Events Repeating Themselves.

As another exemplification of how the important events of this war repeat themselves, it is noted that Early, with the remnant of Stonewall Jackson's command, seems preparing for battle again on the old ground of Cross Keys.

Backs it Up.

A few days since a Washington correspondent of a Western German paper wrote in one of his letters that Green Clay Smith, of Kentucky, was willing to back up his assurance of Lincoln's election with a $500 bet. The Teutonic compositor divided the figures by extending the amount to $500,000! Whereupon a secesh capitalist of Louisville "makes up a pool," and replies that he is ready and anxious to match the augmented figures.

This was rather more small change than the Congressman had to his credit in bank—but certain financial friends hearing of the circumstance, have tendered the "greenbacks" and insist the Louisville man shall be accommodated, and have already deposited $50,000 as a forfeit for fulfilment of stipulations within thirty days. Their only fear is that Louisville will be found in the vocative.

The Great Victory.

BATTLE OF FISHER'S HILL.

DETAILS OF THE TRIUMPH.

General Crook's Impetuous Charge.

HARD FIGHTING BY THE WHOLE ARMY.

OUR SUCCESS COMPLETE.

OFFICIAL WAR GAZETTE.

Despatch from Gen. Sheridan.

ENEMY TOTALLY DEFEATED.

"Worst Routed Army Ever Known."

EARLY ABANDONS HIS ARTILLERY.

Night Closes the Slaughter.

OUR CAVALRY IN PURSUIT.

Washington, September 24, 10 A. M.—Major-General Dix, New York:—The following special despatch has just been received from General Sheridan, detailing some of the particulars of the battle at Fisher's Hill:—

Headquarters Middle Military Division, Woodstock, Virginia, September 23, 8 A. M.—Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, City Point:—I cannot as yet give any definite account of the results of the battle of yesterday.

Our loss will be light.

General Crook struck the left flank of the enemy, doubled it up, advancing along their lines.

Ricketts' Division of the 6th Army Corps swung in and joined Crook; Getty's and Wheaton's Divisions taking up the same movement, followed by the whole line, and attacking beautifully, carrying the works of the enemy.

The Rebels threw down their arms and fled in the greatest confusion, abandoning most of their artillery. It was dark before the battle ended.

I pursued on after the enemy during the night to this point, with the 6th and 19th Corps, and have stopped here to rest the men and issue rations.

If General Torbert has pushed down the Luray valley, according to my directions, he will achieve great results.

I do not think that there ever was an army so badly routed

The valley soldiers are hiding away and going to their homes.

I cannot at present give you any estimate of prisoners.

I pushed on regardless of everything.

The number of pieces of artillery reported captured is sixteen.

P. H. Sheridan, Major-General.

You are directed to cause a national salute to be fired of one hundred great guns for the victory.

General Stevenson reports that three thousand prisoners from the field had reached Winchester last night.

Reinforcements and supplies have been forwarded to General Sheridan.

Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War.

THE GREAT VICTORIES IN THE VALLEY.

Over Six Thousand Prisoners Captured.

Washington, September 24.—The *Republican* extra makes the following announcement:—

"The Government has received despatches from General Stevenson this morning, dated at Harper's Ferry, announcing that 2000 Strasburg prisoners reached Winchester last night.

He also stated that 1600 of the prisoners captured on the 19th inst., near Winchester, arrive at Harper's Ferry this morning, and that 160 more are yet to come. A later despatch received from General Stevenson, this forenoon, announces that 1000 more prisoners, captured at Strasburg on the 22d, reached Winchester this morning.

When last heard from, Early's army was flying down the valley, panic-stricken. Sheridan is in hot pursuit, and near Woodstock.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

Court of Quarter Sessions—Judge Allison.—Habeas corpus cases occupied the attention of the Court this morning. Among the heard, and the only one possessing any public interest, was that of Charles Warner, the 16 year old youth in prison on the charge of attempting to shoot a young woman named Minnie Kirby, at the "Casino," Chestnut street, on Thursday evening a week ago.

Officer Lazalaer, who assisted Warner soon after the occurrence, at the corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets, testified that no pistol was found upon Warner's person, and that he heard having had any. Miss Kirby, who admitted that she had been intimate with Warner who visited her frequently, and started to accompany her to the "Casino" that evening, but quarrelled with and left her in the street, said that, with a female friend, went together and seated themselves in a private box.

Soon after Warner came much intoxicated, and sat in a box opposite. At a short interval elapsed when she heard the report of a pistol and fainted. She denied having seen Warner fire the pistol, or that she saw him save one.

She said, further, that she had been advised to leave the city by two men whose names she did not know, and who gave no reason for giving the advice; and that she and the friend, Jenny Clifton, who was with her, left the Casino on the night of the shooting, accordingly went to New York, and afterwards to Baltimore.

She also admitted that she had two interviews with Minnie since the railway, once at the Station House, and yesterday at the prison, and that she and "Charley" were good friends.

Jimmy Clifton, who seems to have been with the parties from time they all started together to go to the theatre until the firing of the pistol, knew little about the main fact, viz.:—who shot the shot off, as her friend Minnie Kirby.

In fact the whole matter was undoubtedly fixed up. No witnesses were in Court, except those already mentioned, though there must have been Mr. Foz, either spectators or employees of the manager of the concern, who saw the transaction, and would have no difficulty in stating whether Warren was the guilty person or saying not.

The conclusion is, therefore, irresistible that the witnesses examined have been tampered with, and others who should have been examined have been kept out of the way.

Judge Allison refused to discharge the prisoner, and held him in five hundred dollars bail to answer the charge.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

State of Thermometer To-day.—Six A. M., 71. Noon, 80. One P. M. 80½. Wind, W. S. W.

Charged with Purchasing Stolen Postage Stamps.—This morning Simon Strauss had a hearing before Mayor Henry upon the charge of receiving United States postage stamps to the value of several thousand dollars, knowing them to have been stolen. The robbery was committed by two employees in the Washington Post Office, who sold them to the defendant in this city. The latter used them in the payment of bills, and from the evidence seems to have had extensive transactions with numerous parties in this city, who dealt with him in good faith, believing that he came by the stamps honestly. The two employees in the Washington Post Office upon being arrested made a clean breast of the whole affair, and testified to having sold them to the defendant.

The postal stamps which are damaged whilst *in transmission* from the agency office in New York, where they are manufactured, to the various Post Offices of the country, are transmitted to the Post Office Department. Credits are given for them to the various postmasters, and the damaged stamps so credited are destroyed. It usually happens, however, that many of the stamps are not soiled. These stamps, instead of being destroyed, were held in reserve and sold.

The following was the evidence elicited at the hearing:—

Mr. Walter, Special Agent for Post Office at Washington, was sworn—From information received he was under the impression that the Department had lost some five or six thousand dollars' worth of postage stamps; two parties were arrested in Washington for the theft; one of the men was employed in the Department, the other had been removed a short time before.

Wm. R. Wharton sworn—Saw the defendant once before at his house. After I told him my name, I asked him if he knew Geo. W. Alexander. He said he did. Told him I came there to see him on business. Told him I had some property, to the amount of $16,000, I wanted to sell him. He said all he wanted was to know if he could place confidence in me. I told him I could tell him no more than my having Alexander's name. He then asked me who I was acquainted with. I told him. He then said we might as well proceed to know what my business was. I told him I had fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars' worth of stamps I wanted to sell him—the same stamps Alexander had promised to bring him about two weeks since. He then said that Alexander told him he could get as many more stamps as he wanted, and if he could manage to get from thirty-five to forty thousand dollars' worth it would be better. I then told him I didn't know about that; that this lot I had advanced Alexander money on. I said to him I understood that $1800 in stamps had been given for $800 and two gold watches; defendant replied yes, $1800 or over; then said you had another lot, when you paid him a more valuable gold watch; he said yes, such watch was worth $100.

Wm. B. Warne, of this city, sworn—Known defendant two years; often came to our store and bought notes; lately had stamps which he offered in trade; said he got them from a party in the book business in California. We took in all $1358 worth of stamps from defendant.

George W. Russell sworn—I am a jeweller; known defendant in business for several years; in fall of 1863 he bought some goods for $90 or $110, and asked if I could use some three-cent stamps; said he had got them from a sutler; I took the stamps in payment for some diamonds; next transaction was December 9, 1863.

He did not pay for the articles at the time I sent after him, and he came on January 22, and said he had been again to the front of the army, and had got some more postage stamps from a sutler. He paid the bill, $96, in stamps—one cent and three cent. He paid a small balance in March, 1864, in cash. I had a peculiar diamond pin for which I asked $375; he took it away to show to a friend, and brought it back, and offered a certain amount for it, which I declined.

Detective McDevitt, of Washington, and Callahan and Carlin, of this city, who made the arrest, testified that they visited Strauss' house, and took from his pocket a slip of paper with Wharton's name upon it, also some ninety cent stamps; also took a picture of Alexander, one of defendants, from an album.

The defendant was required to enter bail in the sum of $8000 to answer.

The Markets.—Notwithstanding the decline in gold, articles of daily food and wear continue almost undiminished in price. The result is that consumers purchase very sparingly, causing an unusual dullness in the trade. Butter was selling yesterday at from 50 to 70 cents per pound; beef from 30 to 35 cents; sweet potatoes from 30 to 35 cents per half peck; and poultry from 23 to 25 cents per pound. The prices for the necessaries of life are now so exorbitant that workingmen can scarcely afford to buy.

The rates for clothing are treble the price they were before the war broke out, and cleaning and patching are mending have been resorted to, and old clothes are made to pass muster by renovating.

In the shoe trade there is an equal dullness, owing to the high price of leather and prunella. Gaiters which were formerly purchased at two dollars per pair are now five dollars, and boots which sold at six dollars are now considered cheap at ten and thirteen dollars. Indeed, all goods in this line have risen more than one hundred per cent.

Millinery and silks have, however, somewhat of a "show," but it is only among the richer classes, for few of the poorer can afford to buy bonnets at from twenty to one hundred dollars. The only business which seems to be doing well is the fur trade. The demand for furs this fall is twenty per cent. greater than it was last year, and as fast are the orders coming in, that large additional help is needed for sewing and finishing. This is owing to the fact that the prices have not advanced in the same proportion as have those of dry goods and merchandise, and the revenue is only twenty-five per cent. for imported goods and ten per cent. for native manufactures.

A "good" overcoat now costs from seventy-five to one hundred dollars, and a "silk" hat cannot be obtained under ten dollars. As a natural consequence, light fall overcoats will be worn until the depth of winter, while "felt" or "Kossuth" hats will be all the rage.

Captain W. S. Davis.—The many friends of this gentleman, who is the Assistant Adjutant-General of the 1st Division, 5th Corps, will be gratified to learn that he passed through here yesterday, in improved health, on his way to the front. A few of his former associates, particularly such of the old officers of the Corn Exchange Regiment as heard of his arrival, had the pleasure of meeting him. Few men of his age and rank in the army have had such experience of severe work as Captain Davis. Entering the service as an officer of the 22d Massachusetts, he was detailed as aid-de-camp to General Martindale, and served as such during the winter of 1861 and campaign of 1862, until the army arrived at Harrison's Landing, receiving a severe wound at Malvern Hill. As acting A. A. G. of the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Corps, he served at Bull Run second, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorville, and the Gettysburg and Mine Run campaigns. Last spring, on the staff of General Griffin, he participated in all the fighting from the crossing of the Rapidan to the occupation of the Weldon railroad, winning the approval of his superior officers, and the warm regard of his associates. To them he now returns, with health only partially restored, but anxious, if possible, to add to his record, "Petersburg" and "Richmond."

Mass Meeting, This Evening.—A mass meeting of the friends of the National Union party, residing in the Third Congressional District, will be held this evening, at the corner of Frankford road and York street, Nineteenth Ward. A number of excellent speakers will address the meeting, and extensive preparations have been made to render the occasion one of more than usual importance. There will also be a magnificent display of fireworks.

Disorderly Houses.—This morning, Charles Samuel and Minnie Lewis were before Alderman Jones, charged with keeping a disorderly house at No. 12 Fayette street. Sarah Campbell was also charged with keeping a disorderly house at No. 10 Fayette street. Fanny Wood, Sarah Shaffer, Mary Davis, and Mary E. Brien, were also arrested, being in the houses at the time. The arrest was made on complaint of the neighbors.

Awaiting an Owner.—A woman, while considerably under the influence of liquor, went into a store in the First Ward yesterday, and laid several hundred dollars on the counter, stating that she would call again for it. The money is in the hands of Lieutenant Fuller.

Recruiting.—This morning warrants were issued for the payment of the city bounty to twenty-one men, three of whom were substitutes.

Leg Broken.—James McCuen, aged fifty years, broke his leg last night by falling off a shed at Tenth and Locust streets.

OUR CITY LAST EVENING.

PARADE TO-NIGHT.

POLITICS GENERALLY.

Chestnut street, Spring Garden street, and other portions of our city was in a tremendous blaze of political excitement last evening. The air was vocal with the strains of music, the tread of men marching "o'er the stony streets," the huzzas of an excited populace, and the harangues of speakers, who, from the stages of public halls, or from door-steps, discussed the great questions of the hour.

From the hour of early eve until midnight, thousands of pedestrians thronged the streets, either in repairing to or returning from the different points where speeches were announced to take place. The scene was an intensely animated one, and a foreigner entering our city last evening would have been afforded a good opportunity of learning how zealously the people of the North have devoted their energies to the great political contest soon to take place in our midst.

The grand torchlight parade of the People's Campaign Club, the Soldier's Campaign Club, and the Republican Invincibles this evening will, if the elements conspire, be an imposing affair. The Committee of Arrangements have spared neither pains nor expense to make the affair grand as a spectacle and worthy of the patriotic occasion.

The following is the route of the procession:—Start from Fifth and Walnut, up Walnut to Twelfth, thence to Christian, thence to Third, thence to Green, thence to Fifth, thence to Brown, thence to Twelfth, thence to Arch, thence to Sixteenth, thence to Chesnut, and thence to Independence Square, and there dismiss. At the Square there will be a display of fireworks.

The public discussion between Judge Kelley and Counsellor Northrop, opposition candidates for Congress in the Fourth District, came off last evening at Spring Garden Institute. The hall was packed in all parts, and a large audience was also assembled on the outside. The debate was mainly confined to the discussion of the powers of the Constitution, and the doctrine of State rights.

At the hall of the Union League last evening, Hon. Richard H. Dana, District Attorney of the United States for the Eastern District of Massachusetts, spoke before an immense audience.

Mr. Dana has lately arrived in the city, and had no preconceived intention of making any remarks in public, but yielded to the solicitations of some of the most prominent members of the Union League, and consented to give utterance to his political convictions last evening in an entirely extemporaneous manner. Mr. Dana spoke for over an hour, and his powerful arguments enlisted the attention of all present. Morton McMichael, Esq., presided. The Republican Invincibles were present in force, with a full band of music.

Last evening the Republican Invincibles made a street parade along Chesnut street to Union League Hall. A large number of the members were equipped in their new uniform. The Club was preceded by a band, and carried with them the old campaign flags of 1860. Although but newly reorganized, it bids fair to become one of the leading Clubs in the present campaign. They meet temporarily in Sansom Street Hall. The roll is opened for the signatures of new members after 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

A handsome flag was raised last evening at Twenty-first and Thompson streets. Sheriff Thompson called the meeting to order, and James M. Freeman presided. Mr. Denison, of Boston, William M. Bell and Thomas M. Coleman, Esqrs., of Philadelphia, were among the speakers. The topic of the addresses was the dignity of labor. The remarks of Mr. Coleman were received with much applause.

The friends of the Union in the Third Congressional District will hold a Mass Meeting to-night, corner of Frankford road and York streets, Nineteenth Ward. Among the speakers on the occasion are Hon. Leonard Myers, Hon. William D. Kelley, Hon. James Pollock, Hon. William B. Mann, and others.

Captain Colhoun, a returned Libby prisoner, and several other distinguished speakers, will address the public this evening, at 8 o'clock, at the hall of the Union League.

The loyal men of the Twenty-fourth Ward will meet this evening, at the hall, Market street, below Thirty-fourth, at 6½ P. M., to proceed from thence to Darby Road, where cars will be in waiting to take them to the Mass Meeting at Blue Bell, to-morrow.

Our Jersey friends are engaged in the preliminaries of a Congressional Convention, to be held at Bridgeton on the 2d of October. Delegates from Camden county have been elected, and two-thirds of them are opposed to the renomination of John F. Starr, the present Representative, and in favor of a new man.

Billiard Tournament.—It has been in contemplation to postpone the grand billiard tournament for the championship of Pennsylvania, shortly to take place in this city, in consequence of the interest now manifested in the approaching political contest; but at a meeting of the gentlemen who are to participate in the play, held this morning, it was resolved that the tournament should take place at the time previously announced—from the 3d to the 11th prox. Quite a large number of season tickets have already been disposed of, and a sufficient sum guaranteed to defray the expenses of the exhibition.

As an index to the zeal with which our citizens are conducting the campaign, we may state that the receipts of some of the largest billiard saloons have been materially damaged since the opening of the campaign. The several political clubs organized in our midst have drawn within their charmed circle a majority of our young men, and nightly they are to be found devoting their intelligence to the success of the great Union cause.

But a few weeks will elapse before the struggle shall be at an end, and then the votaries of this beautiful scientific game can "pocket" and "carom" to their hearts' content.

Alleged Assault and Battery.—Colonel Frank Beach, the officer in charge of Camp Cadwalader, had a hearing before Alderman McCahen yesterday on the charge of assault and battery on a Mrs. Brewer, the wife of a soldier. Mrs. Brewer testified that her husband enlisted on Tuesday last at Third and York streets, and received the bounty of $450; that after he was taken up stairs to change his clothes, he threw the bounty money out of the window to her, and told her to take it home; that in the afternoon she visited the camp, and was pointed out as the wife of Brewer, and that the Colonel in his tent attempted to get the money. She resisted, and left the tent. The Colonel, as she says, directed her husband to take the money from her, which he, under a threat of punishment, did. The husband was then put in irons, and it is alleged was still under punishment when last heard from. At the hearing, Colonel Beach said that he had authority for what he had done from the War Department.

Escape and Arrest of a Murderer.—Jeremiah H. Dunn, alias Dunmore, convicted at Tunkhannock, Wyoming county, of the murder of a colored man, and who made his escape from the Sheriff of that county, in this city, on the 9th of September, was rearrested and brought here last night. This morning he was sent to Wyoming county jail.

Burial.—The funeral of Father McLaughlin, of St. Ann's Church, took place yesterday. There was a very large attendance. High mass of requiem was performed by Bishop Wood, and a sermon was preached by him. The church was hung in mourning, and Ohnewald's grand requiem was sung by a powerful choir, under the direction of Mr. Thomas E. Harkins.

Drowned.—Patrick Logue, fifteen years of age, was drowned in the canal at Fairmount, yesterday.

Fine Business Improvement on Eighth Street.—The old and well-known firm of Messrs. John Lootey & Co., long identified with the Dry Goods trade of S. Second street, have just completed a spacious new business edifice at No. 26 S. Eighth street, where, on Monday next, the 26th instant, they will open one of the choicest and most extensive stock of fine Dress Goods in Philadelphia. Their new warehouse has been constructed, in all its departments, with direct reference to the best requirements of such an establishment, and, we may say, reflects credit as well upon Messrs. Close & Nesbitt, the builders, as upon its enterprising owners and proprietors. The ground floor of the building is triangular in form, arranged with the latest improvements of take-counters, gas, and other fixtures, and, by the aid of four large apertures skylights, is one of the most effectively lighted of warerooms in the city. This, to purchasers, in selecting shades of dress goods especially, is of the utmost importance. Of the stock offered by these gentlemen, too much could not be said; though it is quite necessary to assure their former patrons of its superiority. Mr. Lootey's experience in this branch of business, although he is a young man, extends over a quarter of a century, during fifteen years of which he has been the head of the dress goods house at No. 12 S. Second street. The latter stand, we believe, is still to be continued by Messrs. L. & Co. as a branch of their concern. These fabrics have always constituted a favorite specialty of this house, and their supreme taste in this department is universally acknowledged. In another column of our paper to-day will be found an announcement of their "opening" on Monday, which we commend especially to the attention of our lady readers.

If any of our readers suffer from defective Hearing, Impaired Sight, Throat Diseases, Catarrh, or Asthma, we direct their attention to peruse Dr. Von Moschisker's advertisement in this evening's Telegraph. The issuers of acknowledgments of cures contained in it carry the utmost conviction of the skill of this eminent Aural and Ocular physician, whose "fame, which high authority that all further comment upon them would be superfluous.

Mrs. White's Old Cloak.—

By the Bard of Tower Hall.

Good Mistress White, with bended head
And anxious eyes, surveyed a cloak
Which on her lap she half outspread,
And thus in pensive tones she spoke:
"This cloak I've worn five winters past,
Altered each changing style to suit;
It long looked well, but now, at last,
'Tis quite worn out, beyond dispute!
"I had some purpose to have made
From it an overcoat for Fred,
But 'tis so old that I'm afraid
'Twould not be worth the time and thread.
It would be better far to buy
The boy a new coat, neat and strong,
From Tower Hall, where they supply
Clothing so cheap that lasts so long!
"As for myself, this cloak, I fear,
Must serve me yet another season,
Since all things now have grown so dear,
And our pensions I've reason.
If Tower Hall sold *ladies'* cloaks
(And there they've stuff enough for plenty),
Pd, at one from those famous inns
That would outlast a common twenty!

The prices of Clothing have advanced, but by no means to the extent which many suppose. Our customers are already supposed cash day by the comparatively low prices at which we sell *Seasonable Clothing.* Our old customers have long since found out the advantages of purchasing *Ready made Goods*, new ones are daily discovering them. We invite such as have not yet visited our establishment to do so, whether they desire to purchase or not.

Tower Hall,
No. 518 Market Street,
Bennett & Co.

The Model Railway Clerk.—The railway clerk dresses smartly and wears the McClellan moustache; he is a friend of a Director or a cousin of a large shareholder. Business with him is quite a secondary consideration. He opens his little trap door five minutes before the time of starting, before which the crowd have been suffocating for a half an hour, and ceases it the minute the office clock indicates "time up," and if you were unable to get a ticket he says, "there always will be somebody left." He will take your money if you want a ticket, but is no liable for any mistakes, nor he time to attend to mistakes now, or to recount change, nor to answer questions about the trains; that is not his department, and refers you to the daily papers. He is "sorry" he can't take "that note," but would like to have a greenback. In his office his usual suitability deserts him, his linen bosom is beautifully smooth, but his temper is sadly ruffled, particularly to those who do not patronize him daily. To a question from a stray traveler about the price of a ticket, a lost package, or a "dreadful collision," he only stares or gives a nod that may express "yes" or "no," just as the person pleases. Outside of his trap door, however, the railway clerk is as obliging as most clerks, with the advantage, that he is very good looking, dresses in "perfect" taste, always ordering his clothes made at Chas. Stokes & Co.'s, under the Continental. In the heat of summer he looks cool, and in the depths of winter warm and comfortable. He was evidently intended by nature as an ornament to a tea party or born to grace a picnic and not for a clerk on the One-man and Small-line Railroad and Transportation Company.

A Great Sewing Machine Establishment.—For the purpose of furnishing more accurate intelligence respecting the relative merits of the various sewing-machine establishments of this city, we yesterday called at the warehouse of the Grover & Baker Company, No. 730 Chestnut street. There are probably few persons at all familiar with the business avenues of our city who are not acquainted with this great sewing-machine emporium. A few words, however, with regard to its advantages over all rivals will not be amiss as an item of information:—

The capacious windows of the house are mainly devoted to the exhibition of garments elaborately wrought by the Grover & Baker machine. On entering, the visitor is presented with all the style and splendor of a palace. The ground floor, from the greatly increased business of this house, is now wholly occupied as a salesroom and for exhibiting machines, and the constant ebb and flow of customers during our visit showed that, however apathetic may be the business pulse in some other departments, the sewing-machine trade, so far as it concerns the "Grover & Baker," is more active than ever. Nor is this surprising when the superior excellence of these world-renowned instruments is considered.

Among the thousands of Grover & Baker Machines now in use in this city alone, there is probably not an individual who would exchange this for any other in use. To specify in detail the entire list of advantages which this machine possesses for all family purposes would procrastinate this article to an undue length, though there are some few that cannot be overlooked.

In the first place it must be borne in mind that the Grover & Baker Company manufacture both the "Lock" and the "*Grover & Baker*" stitch Machines, and that they leave to purchasers the widest privilege in making selections, i. e., if after any one a fair trial the other is preferred, the exchange is promptly and willingly made. The work that either of these machines performs is a marvel of strength and neatness.

The garments which we examined, as they came from the hands of their operators yesterday, exceed anything in the way of artistic needle work that we have ever seen. The precision with which the most ornate stitching is performed, the exquisite and elaborate embroidery which is executed by the Grover & Baker Machines alone, as displayed on various garments for ladies and children, and the great strength and elasticity of seams make, place these instruments far in advance of all rivals; and it is not surprising, therefore, that the work executed on these machines has never failed to take the highest premium wherever and whenever exhibited.

On the second floor of the establishment are the "instruction" and "stitching" rooms. The former occupies the Chestnut street front, and is one of the most cheerful and inviting apartments in which, under the liberal and praiseworthy regulations of this company, ladies are at liberty to go at all hours of the day, and *receive instructions in the art of the Sewing Machine gratuitously, whether intending to purchase or not.* This generous and, as it has turned out, useful policy, was adopted by the present enterprising agent of the Grover & Baker Company, Mr. Eddy, in 1859, in the city of Baltimore, and has been since, we believe, followed by some other companies. At the same time another equally excellent rule was adopted for the benefit of purchasers, namely, sending ladies competent to teach to the houses of customers for that purpose, and giving all requisite instructions free of charge.

In addition to the advantages here named, we may also state that every Grover & Baker Sewing Machine sold is *now retained* kept in perfect repair one year without expense to the purchaser.

The Stitching-room is a sort of industrial gallery, where a lady can have made to order in the best style a complete outfit in every thing appertaining to needle work, at the shortest notice. Hundreds are availing themselves of this great convenience.

But we have said more than we intended, and in conclusion would simply repeat to persons who wish to procure the best Sewing Machine in the world, without the probability of ever regretting their selection, to visit the Grover & Baker warerooms, No. 730 Chesnut street.

"A Stitch in Time Saves Nine."—This is a good motto at all times, but it applies with special force in purchasing sewing machines. For this reason buy the "Florence," sold at No. 630 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, in preference to any other. It is the best sewing machine in the world, and is so pronounced by hundreds of the most prominent families in the city, who now have them in use. Every machine sold is warranted to give satisfaction, or the money will be refunded. Numerous families, in various portions of the country, after trying many other machines, have decided that the "Florence" is beyond comparison, the best family machine in the world.

Children's Clothing.—
Boys' Suits.
Infants' Clothing.
Boys' Overcoats.
The largest and best assortment in the city.
M. Shoemaker & Co., No. 4 N. Eighth street.

Photographs, Unsurpassed Styles, Artistical in execution. B. F. Reisner's famed life-size Photographs in oil colors, Ivorytypes, and Cartes de Visites, never fail to please. No. 624 Ar

Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864.

THE OLD COMEDIAN.

BY J. W. MONTGLAIR.

The footlights blaze, the curtains rise,
And peering are a thousand eyes
Where tinselled jugglers strut apace,
With paint begrimed each trackless face.

Yon mountebank of snowy hair,
I well could draw his home despair;
Poor, worn-out, crippled harlequin,
His efforts fail respect to win.

Whilst honored age, though lorn and weak,
A tutorage with youth may seek,
This old, obedient, hired clown
Racks his stiff joints to please the town.

Old men, they court repose by night;
The aged arm forgets its might;
'Tis raised to guide, or to caress—
'Tis folded prayerful, and to bless.

Those trembling hands hang by his side;
Those valiant lips his limbs deride;
And when to points the text may soar,
With loud guffaw the groundlings roar.

Though chronic pains may pinch his frame,
He must be Momus, ever the same;
To those who see him night by night,
His tears would prove a rare delight.

But lo! how faint the actor speaks!
He falters, and an exit seeks.
"Old Thespian, hast forgot thy cue?
Thy walk's unsteady, thy text untrue!"

In vain the old comedian tries
To silence insult; murmurs rise;
Away he totters with alarm,
And falls within the prompter's arm.

On comedy the curtain rose;
On tragedy the players close.
The vulgar crowd, they whistle and cry
A dying actor's litany.

Behind the curtains, within a chair,
Ruddy of cheek and brown of hair,
A corpse is resting; its brow is cold,
And on it a painted lie is told.

For the mien that made the idle laugh,
It looks a solemn epitaph;
False and hollow is all we see—
His life, his art, were mockery!

Never will rustle in nature's breeze
Those faded, painted, canvas trees;
And the oily moon that gleams o'erhead
Never learned to weep for the dead.

From a motley group, 'neath a tattered sky,
Comes one to speak this eulogy:
"He fought and fell, as heroes yield,
Upon the *drama's* battle-field."

Then a dancing girl, as a beggarly muse,
Upon his brow, with shabby excuse,
Pressed a laurel wreath that some Cæsar had worn,
A paper invention, dirty and torn.

His funeral procession numbered two;
Brief was the pageant, the costs were few;
And as they laid him away to rest,
I heard no pity, I heard no jest.

THE LOST "SPADE;"

OR,

THE GRAVE DIGGER'S REVENGE.

A GREAT POLITICAL, MARTIAL, SERIO-COMIC, LEGENDARY, ROMANTIC, AND FARCICAL DRAMA,

Written by Robert Stewart Davis, expressly for the Falling Star,

PEACE DEMOCRACY.

And was performed by him for over three months in the Canadian Provinces (Holcombe & Clay's Theatre), and in the Chicago Wigwam (since demolished). It is now brought out by Messrs. Rebel & Sympathizer, and is respectfully dedicated by them to the Northern Scum and Mudsills. The managers flatter themselves that no expense has been spared by them, through the kindness of their British friends, to make this the most *peaceable* drama of the age.

Costume—Olive Leaves and Branches.

Music—Drums and Fifes ignored.

Scenery—Peaceful Abodes—Doves in the Background.

Appointments—Harmony—all in Harmony.

Look at the following cast:—

Aristocrat—Mr. Belmont.
Grumbler—Mr. Seymour.
Sniveller—Mr. Wood.
Hypocrite—Mr. Vallandigham.
"Bully" Boy—Little Georgie.
Naughty Boy—Big Georgie.
Servant—Mr. Marble.

ACT I.

Scene—Policy Shop—4-11-44—Sniveller, sewing together dilapidated postage currency; Grumbler, pasting together pieces of an old writ of *habeas corpus*. Enter Aristocrat, whistling the "Bonnie Blue Flag."

Sniveller—What ho! Aristocrat, thou art merry.

Grumbler—See, 'tis the fool's merriment (greens), who dances on the ashes of a ruined country.

Aristocrat—D—n the country.

Chorus—So say we, all of us.

Echo from Richmond—Good.

Grumbler—*Habeas Corpus* gone! Alas! his fate.

Sniveller—Weep not for corpus; 'tis the postage currency.

That most demands our tears.

Aristocrat—Villains, have you heard the news?

Sniveller—What news? the death of Lincoln?

Grumbler—The draft postponed! I knew it;

The tyrant, then, to threats of revolution yields.

Aristocrat—No, dolts. The news I bring is of our sacred cause;

Grant has fallen in the heat of battle;

The Federal army, routed, hugs the gunboats on the James.

E'en now our friends assault the capital,

And from the lofty dome their glorious emblem flies.

Lincoln and all his hordes on fleetest horse

Have fled the country.

Grumbler—Ye Gods, I'm amazed!

Where read ye this?

Sniveller—'Twas in the *News*; I know it well.

It feedeth not on Abolition lies.

Aristocrat—(Showing a *World*)—Behold the glorious herald

Of this our darling victory.

Sniveller—The *World!* Upon my soul it never told the truth.

Grumbler—Unless, perchance, a lie were better.

Aristocrat—(Rings the bell)—I will the servant call;

'Tis he who knows full well the virtue of this paper.

[*Enter Servant.*]

Servant—Did my master call? Your most obedient.

If thou shouldst say that black were white,

I'd find authority to prove it.

Aristocrat—Is this news true? Has Lincoln fled,

And do our friends swill Bourbon in the Capitol?

Servant—They do not now, your honor;

But, prythee, they might do it,—

Grumbler—Ha! they might!

Thank God for those consoling words.

Sniveller—But how? Oh, that I knew the policy!

Servant—There is a man without with pious face,

Who says within his heart he bears a precious secret;

But when I asked his name, he sighed, and whispered peace.

Grumbler—'Tis one of Lincoln's victims.

E'en now I smell the rust of chains.

Aristocrat—Bring in the victim of our tyrant's power.

[*Enter Hypocrite.*]

Sniveller—What! 'tis Hypocrite, who always weeps.

Aristocrat—Yes, from shores Canadian he brings his tearful cambric.

Hypocrite—Are all before me friends? Yes, I see it in your faces.

Ye would not harm the refugee from tyranny.

Aristocrat—Why com'st thou thus at this late day from Canada?

Hypocrite—My friends, the sun is now declining,

E'en as down the verge of ruin glides the nation.

To-morrow I will tell you all. I've come to save the country.

Sniveller—By peace or war?

Hypocrite—By neither, dealer in the mystic numbers.

Aristocrat—The aid of foreign gold he seeks.

Grumbler—But come-to-morrow we shall know his thoughts;

We'll to the banquet and drink confusion

To our foes—the myrmidons of Lincoln.

Sniveller—Hold, dear friends; where is "Bully" Boy?

Hypocrite—Methinks I saw the youth in yonder garden.

Grumbler—What doing?

Hypocrite—Digging with his iron spade and shovel.

Grumbler—Wore he no sword?

Hypocrite—Yes; a rusty blade—

But the shovel shone with constant use.

Sniveller—Did he not speak to thee?

Hypocrite—As I did fall across his ditch, in horrid plight,

He cried, "Reinforcements send or all is lost."

Grumbler—"Bully" boy.

Sniveller—Noble warrior.

Aristocrat—Inoffensive chieftain.

Hypocrite—From my own means a shovel new I'll buy him.

[Curtain falls, and for a brief period the great characters retire from mortal vision to buy tickets in the new lottery. Music by orchestra, Rogue's March.]

ACT II.

Scene—Alley in the Bowery—Policeman asleep—No gas—Darkness Egyptian—Hypocrite and Aristocrat talking peaceably—Enter Grumbler.

Grumbler—What ho! my friends, this darkness best befits ye.

Hypocrite—If here we plotted treason, then thy words are true.

Aristocrat—Treason! 'tis a word of light import, And so ill defined that we, good friends, know not its meaning.

But, why so dumb at my approach?

Did I not hear thee, Sniveller, talk of Richmond?

Sniveller—I did, most gracious friend, and Davis, too.

For him of all my precious clan I most admire.

Aristocrat—Ah, then we all agree, since Hypocrite has always voted well for Jeff.'s most righteous cause.

Hypocrite—Aye, and prayed for it. E'en in Canada, as I did look upon my native land, I saw, in thought most dear, the spires of Richmond.

Sniveller—What aspirations did inspire thy soul, most noble martyr!

Aristocrat—Let Lincoln look upon thy tattered clothes and weep.

Hypocrite—He ne'er would weep, but, stroking his majestic beard, make me the victim of a fearful goak.

Sniveller—But come, to business. Let's counsel for the people's sake.

Aristocrat—The people! Who are the people! The veriest asses,

Whom we can buy and sell—their virtue and their honor.

Hypocrite—Thou talkest strongly, yet with truth, most sterling truth.

Sniveller—Aye! the people are but pliant tools; Yet in this business we must promise well,

And when we once have tricked the common herd

Will sell them at our leisure.

Hypocrite—Yes, give us but the reins of power, and then, most noble friends, we'll prove ourselves the masters.

Aristocrat—But see yon crowd—they journey towards the wigwam, and soon will ask from us the way of peace.

Sniveller—Most precious word, for in its quick fulfilment I do see the friends of Davis sitting in the Capitol.

Hypocrite—Glorious vision! We'll have them here if strategy can do it.

Aristocrat—If strategy can do it, then let us call on "Bully" Boy.

Hypocrite—My plan exactly.

In calculation shrewd, we shall so mix both war and peace

That none shall know our purpose.

Let Bully Boy our standard bear with gleaming sword;

And close behind, with olive branch, shall follow naughty boy.

The people may object;

But then we'll talk of debt and draft and *habeas corpus;*

And so we'll stir them up with foolish fears,

That, like poor sheep, they'll follow at our will.

Aristocrat—Most excellent Jew, I see thy honest purpose—

First get the power, and then our aims accomplish.

Sniveller—This power we best secure by promises of peace.

Aristocrat—Aye! an armistice. Our friends are wounded bad.

Ulysses now with fearful grip has seized good Lee,

And Richmond feels the want of bread and bacon.

While in Atlanta, Sherman plants his flag,

And Hood before him flees, a vanquished man.

Now, if with armistice we stem this tide

And give our friends the breathing time they need,

We shall, most noble friends, best help the cause of treason.

Grumbler—Most noble Jew—thou reasonest well,

Great Habeas Corpus soon will rear his head,

And Treason flourish o'er us.

Hypocrite—My views, which you do see to be most genial to our cause,

I've written in a form most potent.

(Shows a manuscript.)

Aristocrat—Ah! 'tis the Platform for our sacred wig-warm.

I'll see to its adoption.

Sniveller—Most glorious platform! but the candidate,

Where shall we find him?

Hypocrite—In yonder garden is the boy,

Who in the ways of peace is best instructed.

Aristocrat—Ah, he is my greatest pet. I know him well.

To heights of glory did he dig his way—

His sword no longer flashes in the air.

Most gentle, peaceful "Bully" Boy.

Sniveller—I like him not. For, once elected, he might do harm unto our cause.

Hypocrite—Thou art mistaken, friend of many blanks,

"Bully" Boy his base will change at our request.

Grumbler—Unless he did, I'd start another riot.

Aristocrat—Riot is good; it keepeth out the draft.

Sniveller—Yes, and in its non-enforcement our friends do flourish.

Hypocrite—But "Bully" Boy has fought our friends, although with fierceness mild.

Now on this platform, so meaningless and vague,

We must some man of extra peace display.

Then will our mixture be complete,

And in the grandest harmony we'll on to victory.

Grumbler—I know the man we want. Full oft I've seen him in the halls of Congress vote for peace, and compliment our friends at Richmond.

Aristocrat—Ah, 'tis Naughty Boy—I know him well—

Fit is he for our purpose,

Ye Gods! the work goes bravely on—

We promise to the people peace;

Our candidates shall cry both peace and war,

But we will reap the fruit of swift disunion.

Sniveller—But I am pledged to peace,

And Bully Boy has warred upon my friends.

Hypocrite—Why mind the means?—'tis power we want.

Once in the capital, the country we can sell,

And laughing at the people we have duped,

Welcome our warrior, Jeff., with cordial greeting.

Grumbler—The plot is good. It stirs my patriot heart.

Oh, sweet Confederacy! I see thee now,

Rearing thy head, and blushing like the morn.

And Jeffy, too, my dearest friend,

Expectant looks from Richmond's sieged.

Ah! ah! Let Lincoln fear and tremble!

The people we shall lull with thoughts of peace,

And while they sleep, sell their birthright dear.

Sniveller—Who will not praise this statesmanship most wise?

Hypocrite—Ye gods, assist our plan!

Aristocrat—Gold will secure us all which fell deceit shall miss.

Grumbler—Come, let us to Chicago. You, my friends, retire to rest, while I will ply with sweet, seductive wiles the Bully Boy. 'Tis he who can best aid us in this perilous enterprise.

(A jewsharp heard in the distance—Policeman awakes and arrests Sniveller and Grumbler—Hypocrite and Aristocrat make their escape—Policeman, threatened with a riot and a leader in the *News*, releases his prisoners and swears eternal fidelity to the Peace Democracy. Curtain falls upon this scene of total depravity, and the orchestra, wrapped in peaceful slumbers, omits to disturb the solemnity of the occasion.)

ACT III.

Scene—Tattered wall-tent on the banks of the Hudson—American Eagle browsing in the background—Broken bust of Napoleon on a camp stool—"Bully" Boy wiping the rust from his sword and looking at a map of the Chickahominy swamps.

"Bully" Boy—To this, then, has come the young Napoleon. Yet I was not always thus. At the head of a great army I did ride in days of yore and all did pay me homage. Ye Gods! my fate will drive me mad. Yet I will have revenge, though I should rend the nation's heart and with my spade I cleave a road to glory, though a thousand swamps oppose.

(*Enter Grumbler.*)

Grumbler—Ha! greater than Napoleon, how fares thee?

"Bully" Boy—If for friends you mean, most unhappily.

Grumbler—A greater man ne'er lived than you, and yet thou art the victim of a rail-splitter.

"Bully" Boy—Taunt me not, Horatio, or in yon ditch, fresh dug, I'll plunge thee lifeless.

Grumbler—Thou speakest harsh to one who loves thee;

E'en now I've come to do a favor regal.

"Bully" Boy—I've served you well—

'Twere best you did return the service.

Grumbler—Thou art most honored of the wigwam clan;

Behold the platform and your nomination.

(Shows him manuscript.)

"Bully" Boy—I swear old Hypocrite this writing did;

Yes; through every line his foulest treason runs.

Grumbler—Treason! What madness!

Why, 'tis only stuff with which to gull the people.

"Bully" Boy—Ah! I see. You only seek the reins of power.

Grumbler—Well spoken, mildest of the Major-Generals. We know our business. This best suits our purpose. Accept the nomination, and the issue will be to you, most injured warrior, the sweetest of revenge.

"Bully" Boy—I will accept it. E'en now I'll write a letter full of war, while Naughty Boy shall whisper peace.

Grumbler—Oh! will we not mislead the people! Armistice! war! peace! sword! olive branches!

"Bully" Boy—Tell Sniveller to oppose me, And damn me loudly in a column leader;

That will appease those who prate of peace too strongly.

When once the tide is in my favor

Then Sniveller can recant his opposition.

Grumbler—Yes; since Atlanta's taken,

'Twill best help our plans to be more warlike.

"Bully" Boy—Ah! my most gracious thanks extend to all the patrons of the wigwam; and I do most congratulate myself that all my friends are friends of Brother Davis.

Grumbler—Such is our plot—God grant it swift fulfilment; and rest assured, my friend, that when elected I will help you guide the ship of state upon a loyal Southern course.

"Bully" Boy—Adieu! most potent Governor.

Grumbler—Success attend us. [*Exit.*

[American Eagle immediately migrates and bears away the rusty sword of the youthful conqueror—Upon the map deuces the skeletons of eighty thousand soldiers who lost their lives on the Peninsula—The curtain changes its base and falls.]

GRAND INTERLUDE.

[A considerable time elapsing between the third and fourth acts, it is necessary that something shall be done to make this grand peace drama perfect in unity of time, place, and action. Therefore the management have the pleasure of stating that they will now introduce to the audience the great peace-shrieker of New York city, Samuel Barlow, Esq., who will sing the following poetic effusion:—

N. B.—During this song no crunching of peanuts allowed.]

SAMMY BARLOW.

Public in general, how do you do?
We've made you a platform, and think it's "true blue."
We must have peace now, for the war is "*no go.*"
This is the opinion of Sammy Barlow.

Oh! dear, Lord Belmont says so;
'Tis likewise the *dictum* of Sammy Barlow.

We've tried to stop enlisting men, but we can't
Injure the status of Sherman or Grant.
We want an armistice, but Mac he says "No."
What is our *real platform!* says Sammy Barlow.

Oh! dear, 'tis mixed up I know,
But Mac is our hero, says Sammy Barlow.

You've all heard of Cox, the great Vallandigham-mer:
Well, Voorhees and he are both under our banner;
We've got both the Woods—Ben and bold Fernando—

Par nobile fratrum! says Sammy Barlow.

Oh! dear, we'll make a big show
To carry the day, says Sammy Barlow.

There is no use of fighting the South any more,
They've won independence a dozen times o'er;
This is the platform made at Chicago
To settle the country and Sammy Barlow.

Oh! dear, 'tis awful I know,
But 'twill do to catch suckers, says Sammy Barlow.

ACT IV.

Time, evening—Eighth of November.

Scene—Garret of the *World* office; penny dip burning; Hypocrite, Grumbler, Sniveller, Aristocrat, seated around table reading election returns.

Grumbler—Great heavens! this news is dubious.

Hypocrite—I'm much afraid Old Abe is in again.

Sniveller—I told you so. Your policy was bad.

Aristocrat—Yes, in that damned shout for war Which we did ill advise our candidate to make,

We lost the power we sought.

(*Enter Servant.*)

Servant—All is lost! Old Lincoln carried every State but Jersey.

Hypocrite—Ohio gone for Lincoln! Then let me die;

I cannot thus survive this grievous blow.

[Takes poison by eating a copy of the *World*. Dies.]

Sniveller—Weep not for such clay, my friends; He never did have thought above a mustard-seed.

Grumbler—Oh, Vallandigham! *Requiescat in pace!*

Sniveller—Which means—

Grumbler—That he wanted peace, and now he's got it.

Aristocrat—Well, I think I'll emigrate. These damned Yankees won't be led by foreign asses; therefore I depart this cussed land.

[Exit, and procures a passage to Europe by next steamer.]

Sniveller—Well, Grumbler, what thinkest thou?

Grumbler—I do not think—I know it.

Sniveller—What?

Grumbler—That thou art the veriest ass that ever drove a quill.

Sniveller—What! villain. You thus upbraid me, who never had a sympathy in common with law or justice?

Grumbler—'Twas your vile howlings that this election lost.

Sniveller—And your stupidity most malicious.

(*Enter Bully Boy and Naughty Boy, in a state of intoxication.*)

"Bully" Boy—I say, fellers (hic), this is jolly.

Naughty Boy—Yes, we're (hic) all right.

Sniveller—How's that?

"Bully" Boy—Why (hic) you see I've got (hic) my commission yet.

So I'm (hic) all right.

"Naughty" Boy—Three cheers for (hic) me. I'm a Congressman, I (hic) is. One (hic) cheers for us. Eh, Georgie!

Servant—Any thing I can do for you, gentlemen?

"Bully" Boy—Yes, don't (hic) let on you know (hic) us. We want to get (hic) back into good (hic) society. [*Exit Dilapidated Georgies.*

Grumbler—Sniveller, you'd better go to 4-11-44.

Sniveller—I'm going, old *Habeas Corpus.*

Grumbler—How are you draft, Ah! Ah!

Sniveller—How are you, old patriot? Ah! Eh!

Grumbler—All right, gambler.

Sniveller—All square, bruiser. [*Exit.*

Grumbler—Say, servant, if you ever speak to me again, by Mars, I'll break your head.

Servant—Thank you, sir; I thank you kindly.

Grumbler—I hate these fawning dogs. [*Exit.*

Servant—Well, I've done my duty; I wrote them down great men, when in my inmost soul I knew they were the veriest scoundrels yet unhung. I'll die revenged.

(*Tickles himself to death with the Chicago platform.*)

[All the actors having left the stage, and as a Lincoln torch-light procession is passing, the curtain falls in honor of the unexpected though welcome death of so many rascals at the same time. The American eagle now appears with a greenback in each claw, and a copy of the Constitution unabridged in his beak. The Star-spangled Banner envelopes the sacred bird, and from the distance comes a solemn voice uttering those memorable words—Bully for old Abe! Echo from Petersburg—Hunkey boy is General Grant.]

One of the Last of the Hottentots.

Lady Duff Gordon, in her letter from the Cape, says:—"At Guadenthal I asked one of the Herrenhut brethren whether there were any real Hottentots, and he said, 'Yes, one;' and next morning, as I sat waiting for early prayers under the big oak tree in the Plaats (square), he came up, followed by a tiny old man, hobbling along with a long stick to support him. 'Here,' said he, 'is the last Hottentot; he is 107 years old, and lives all alone.' I looked on the little, wizened, yellow face, and was shocked that he should be dragged up like a wild beast to be stared at. A feeling of pity which felt like remorse fell upon me, and my eyes filled as I rose and stood before him, so tall, and like a tyrant and oppressor, while he uncovered his poor little old snow-white head, and peered up in my face.

"I led him to the seat and helped him to sit down, and said in Dutch, 'Father, I hope you are not tired; you are old.' He saw and heard as well as ever, and spoke good Dutch in a firm voice. 'Yes, I am above a hundred years old, and alone—quite alone.' I sat beside him, and he put his head on one side and looked curiously up at me with his faded, but still piercing little wild eyes. Perhaps he had a perception of what I felt—yet I hardly think so; perhaps he thought I was in trouble, for he crept close up to me, and put one tiny brown paw into my hand, which he stroked with the other, and asked (like most colored people) if I had children. I said 'Yes, at home, in England;' and he patted my hand again and said, 'God bless them.' It was a relief to feel that he was pleased, for I should have felt like a murderer if my curiosity had added a moment's pain to so tragic a fate. This may sound like sentimentalism; but you cannot conceive the effect of looking on the last of a race once the owners of all this land, and now utterly gone.

"His look was not quite human, physically speaking—a good head, small, wild-beast eyes, piercing and restless; cheek-bones strangely high and prominent, nose quite flat, mouth rather wide thin, shapeless lips, and an indescribably small, long, pointed chin, with just a very little, soft, white, woolly beard; his head covered with extremely short, close white wool, which ended round the poll in little ringlets. Hands and feet like an English child of 7 or 8, and person about the size of a child of 11. He had all his teeth, and, though shrunk to nothing, was very little wrinkled in the face, and not at all in the hands, which were dark brown, while his face was yellow. His manner and way of speaking were like those of an old peasant in England, only his voice was clearer and stronger, and his perceptions not blunted by age. He had traveled with one of the missionaries in the year 1790, or thereabouts, and remained with them ever since."

THE POPULATION of Jerusalem numbers 3000 Mohammedans, 7100 Jews, and 3400 Christians; of the latter, 2000 belong to the Greek Church, 900 are Catholics, 350 Armenians, 100 Copts, 30 Syrians, and about the same number of Abyssinians.

AMERICAN KID GLOVES.

How They are Made—Description of Processes and Material.

In dressing kid or goatskins for gloves the process varies considerably from that practised upon buck and sheepskins. The skins are first soaked in water and "fleshed," and are then thrown into the vats of lime-liquor. From these they are removed after a period that varies from three to six weeks, according to the season of the year, a much longer time being required for most of the processes in winter than in summer. Here they are lifted, and turned, and moved, and replaced until the hair is sufficiently loosened. They are then taken from the vats and stretched upon the "beam," and the hair is then removed with the blunt drawing-knife, but not the grain, as in the coarser skins; and great care is taken not to deface or injure the surface.

They are next put into a "drench" of bran and water, or more properly moistened bran, where they remain for a considerable time. This softens and renders the skin very pliable. On being removed from this the tanning process takes place. The skins are covered by a mixture of salt and alum, which soon makes leather of them. After being thoroughly cleansed and dried they are ready for the finishing processes. They are suspended and "staked," that is, evened by a blunt knife drawn over the surface. Afterwards they are spread out upon a flat surface and rubbed with a sponge dipped in the beaten yolk of eggs. This preparation is absorbed by the leather and serves to make it elastic.

THE COLORING PROCESS.

The next and last process is coloring. Liquid dyes are used for this purpose, and they are applied to the surface or grain of the leather with a brush. It is said that we have now no native workmen who understand this process thoroughly, and the skilled factories are by no means willing to impart their knowledge. Thus far they have succeeded in maintaining the secret of the rare dyes, and the methods that give both brilliancy and permanency of color to the better styles of glove leather. Even the employers are not permitted to gain this knowledge.

Having the matter so entirely in their own hands, these men have been able hitherto to sustain this attempt at secrecy. But the constant introduction of workingmen from Europe, and the preparations which the manufacturers are now making, some of which are already completed, will soon unveil the mystery, and Yankee skill will, doubtless, achieve results equal to that of Europeans.

SUPERIORITY OF FRENCH WORKMEN.

It is a noticeable fact, that of the foreign workmen now in this country the French still maintain the supremacy. Englishmen make good leather and good gloves, but in elasticity, durability, and finish, as well as in the beauty and brilliancy of the coloring, the French far surpass them. In the cutting and making up of gloves it is still the same. A better fit is obtained by a French workman, and the sewing is superior. Besides, a Frenchman will cut one or two more pairs of gloves out of a skin than an Englishman, and still have no inferior ones. "Yankees are in too great a hurry to perform such work well," remarked a manufacturer; "they pride themselves rather upon the amount of labor performed in a given time, than upon the skill displayed;" which is doubtless true. So that until our countrymen learn the lesson of patience, they will not be likely to rival their foreign competitors in glove making.

GLOVE-CUTTING.

After all the processes of trimming, finishing, and dyeing are completed, the skin is stretched upon a marble table and rubbed with a blunt knife. It is then cut through the middle, and a strip for the palm and back of the glove cut, just wide enough for the purpose, from one end of each piece. Being cut in this way the pairs are alike, of similar finish, thickness, and tint. In France, 375,000 dozens of skins are thus cut annually. In time, with protection and native industry, there is no reason why as large a number should not be manufactured here.

A French glove-cutter cuts nearly all his "sized gloves" by eye. By sized gloves is meant those whose size is indicated by numbers, which includes all ladies' kid gloves and all the finer men's gloves. In securing an accurate and easy fit, great care is necessary in placing the thumb-hole. M. Jouvin has invented a mode of cutting the thumb with the hand.

In some factories these gloves are cut in part by punches, steel instruments similar to the "gouges" used in cutting buck gloves, and described in a former article. These punches have a toothed apparatus that pricks the holes for the stitches. The seams are then sewed with perfect regularity, by laying the edges evenly together, and placing them in a vice provided with teeth one-twelfth of an inch apart, between which teeth the needle passes in sewing. After the seams are sewed the embroidery is put upon the back, the wrist bound or otherwise finished, and the fastenings sewed on. The glove is then stretched, then placed in a linen cloth slightly dampened, and beaten to make it more flexible. It is then pressed, and is ready for the market.

THE MATERIAL.

The skins used in making fine gloves are usually those of the kid and goat, but many are made of Cape sheep, and other fine and flexible leather. It has been repeatedly and confidently asserted that many of the most celebrated styles of French gloves were made from the skins of rats, and we have even seen the statistics of the rat-catching trade, fostered, as it was asserted, by the demand created by gloves, set forth in a startling array of figures, which went to show that this most prolific of the rodents was destined to speedy annihilation. The catacombs of Paris were said to be the great hunting-ground of the rat-catchers, and the business of trapping the animals, and dressing the skins, to be one of growing importance. But these statements do not appear to be borne out by facts. Very few, if any, ratskins have been used for gloves. The skins are no large enough to cut any but a small-sized glove, which alone disproves the assertion that they are largely used.

IMPORTED SKINS.

Many dressed kidskins are imported into his country at present. Most of them come from France and Germany. It is probable that the demand for gloves for importation has considerably decreased, and the surplus skins are sent to this country instead. A fine lot, of the best finish and choicest colors, was recently sold in this city as low as eight dollars in gold, and this, though the duty on dressed skins is one hundred per cent. From these skins, and they are such as have never before been offered in this market, we may expect to see our American manufacturers produce gloves that rival the best French ones.

A very good article of genuine kid, as well as of Cape sheep gloves, both for ladies and gentlemen, is now made in Gloversville, in Philadelphia, in Watertown, Massachusetts, and possibly elsewhere in the country, but those are the principal seats of the manufacture. A large number of skilled workmen in this branch of business have already been brought to this country, and several enterprising manufacturers are now in Europe purchasing machinery and securing operatives. The present tariff protects efforts of this kind, and the result will be to increase largely all, or nearly all, manufacturing interests.

THREAD GLOVES.

Thread gloves are made in this country to a considerable extent, and manufacturers are entering quite largely into the business. The thread gloves made in Boston are fully equal to those of German or English manufacture, and are likely to drive them from the market. Lisle thread gloves are not made here yet, but, doubtless, will be soon. There is no reason why foreigners should excel us in the manufacture of cotton goods of any description. Thread gloves are manufactured by the same machinery used in making hosiery, and usually in the same establishments. Some are cut and sewed like kid gloves, and others are so woven as to require less sewing. This is a manufacture in which large numbers of women can be employed. The work is easy and pays well.

WOOLEN GLOVES.

Woolen gloves are also made to a considerable extent. Large numbers of hand-made, knitted, or crocheted woolen gloves and mittens find their way into the market every winter. These are of all sizes, from small zephyr gloves and mittens for infants to heavy Saxony yarn for men. The dealers in New York have, most of them, a regular supply of these gloves from workwomen who are usually Germans.

The woven woolen gloves are made of various kinds and grades of yarns, and are usually woven to resemble crocheted gloves. The largest manufactory of these is in Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia. The proprietor has purchased a considerable tract of land surrounding his mills, erected houses and colonized his operatives, of whom he employs some three hundred. Providing homes for the persons in his employ, he thus ensures a permanent and regular supply of labor. Besides gloves, he manufactures a great variety of yarn and zephyr goods. A large number of women and children are employed in this establishment. We have no scale of wages, but learn that they are liberal. We have seen very beautiful specimens of gloves from this establishment.

FUR GLOVES.

A variety of fur gloves are made in this country. Nearly all manufacturing furriers make them. Gloves are sometimes made with the inner portion or palm of kid or dogskin, and the back of fur. They are lined with flannel or an inferior quality of fur, usually the white squirrel or coney, and are well adapted to use in winter traveling, for driving, &c. As they are easily made from the small pieces of fur left in cutting larger articles, they are very profitable to the manufacturer. The sewing of these, as of most kinds of gloves, is done by women, and gives employment to a large number.

INDIA-RUBBER GLOVES.

A large number of india-rubber gloves are made in this country under Goodyear's patent. They are manufactured principally at Naugatuck, Connecticut.

The heavy rubber gloves and mittens are intended for the use of manufacturing chemists, druggists, and photographers, or all who work among acids, alkalies, and other caustic materials. The rubber is not affected by these articles, and effectually protects the hands. They are also adapted to the use of drivers and firemen, hatters, tanners, lumbermen, and a variety of mechanics.

They are useful to dyers and to those whose avocations expose them to storms. These heavy gloves are made of solid rubber, as the india-rubber overshoes were formerly. The first process in the manufacture is to heat slightly a mass of the gum, called a "batch," which in this state is passed between revolving cylinders and becomes a flat sheet of the required size. From this sheet the gloves and mittens are cut by gouges similar to those employed in the cutting of the leather gloves. They are then joined by placing the edges in contact, and covering them with strips of heated rubber.

The lighter styles of rubber gloves are made thus:—A piece of stockinet, or cotton cloth, usually the former, is passed through the cylinders at the same time with the "batch" of gum, which by this process completely coats it. From this the gloves are cut and joined by covering the edges with strips of heated rubber. These gloves are made of a variety of colors, are very soft and pliable and have a very neat finish. They are very useful in domestic pursuits and gardening, and to be worn in all kinds of employment likely to discolor the hands. By protecting the hands from the atmosphere, and retaining the insensible perspiration, they soften them and increase their whiteness, and often prove a cure for chapped hands and salt-rheum.

The joining of these gloves is done by women, and is considered a healthful and profitable employment.

We do not learn that there are as yet any silk or cloth gloves made in this country.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

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FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,

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Has been created in the neighborhood of Ninth and Chestnut streets, by crowds of well-dressed men

DODGING IN AND OUT

Of a small SEGAR STORE on the upper side of CHESTNUT Street, below Ninth. It appears the proprietor has been CUTTING DOWN the prices of his Segars and Tobacco, 50 per cent. on all his stock, which by the way is of rare collection, thus

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NOTICE.

The Annual Assessment for 1864, for the above-named District, of persons liable to a tax on Carriages, Pleasure Yachts, Billiard Tables, and Gold and Silver Plate, and also of persons required to take out Licenses, having been completed,

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That the Taxes aforesaid will be received daily by the undersigned, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 3 P. M., (Sundays excepted,) at the Office, No. 304 CHESNUT Street, second floor, on and after THURSDAY, September 1, and until and including SATUR

Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864.

THE RINGLET.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

"Your ringlets, your ringlets,
That look so golden gay,
If you will give me one, but one,
To kiss it night and day,
Then never chilling touch of time
Will turn it silver grey;
And then shall I know it 's all true gold
To flame and sparkle and stream as of old,
Till all the comets in Heaven are cold,
And all the stars decay."
"Then take it, love, and put it by;
This cannot change, nor yet can I."

"My ringlet, my ringlet,
Thou art so golden gay,
Now never chilling touch of time
Can turn thee silver grey;
And a lad may wink, and a girl may blot,
And a fool may say his say;
For my doubts and fears were all amiss,
And I swear henceforth by this and this,
That a doubt will only come for a kiss,
And a tear to be kissed away."
"Then kiss it, love, and put it by;
If this can change, why so can I."

O Ringlet, O Ringlet,
I kiss'd you night and day,
And Ringlet, O Ringlet,
You still are golden-gay;
But Ringlet, O Ringlet,
You should be silver grey;
For what is this which now I'm told,
I that took you for true gold,
She that gave you thought and sold,
Sold, sold.

O Ringlet, O Ringlet,
She blush'd a rosy red,
When Ringlet, O Ringlet,
She clipt you from her head;
And Ringlet, O Ringlet,
She gave you me, and said,
"Come, kiss it, love, and put it by:
If this can change, why so can I."
O lie, you golden nothing, lie
You golden lie.

O Ringlet, O Ringlet,
I count you much to blame,
For Ringlet, O Ringlet,
You put me much to shame;
So Ringlet, O Ringlet,
I'd burn you to the flame:
For what is this which now I learn,
Has given all my faith a turn?
Burn, you glossy heretic, burn,
Burn, burn.

ADRIAN, THE ENGLISH POPE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE SWINEHERD.

There is nothing new under the sun, wrote Solomon, and in its essential meaning there is no truer aphorism in the whole Book of Wisdom. Of this every hour of the world's life bears testimony; but there is one especial period in that multitudinous existence which, illustrated by passing events, vividly demonstrates its truth. Seven centuries have been added to a past eternity since the same conflict was raging in Rome, Italy, Germany, France, with respect to the temporal as distinguished from the spiritual power of the Popes, as that which now agitates the public mind of Europe. The incidents of the struggle, too, bear a wonderful resemblance to one another. In glancing over the angry polemics of that tempestuous time, one fancies he must have before him the stinging sarcasms of Edmond About, letters from the Turin correspondent of the *Times*, Mazzini's passionate philippics, and the fiery protests of Montalembert and Dupanloup. Yes, seven hundred years ago the Pope was driven from Rome by the people of the Eternal City, who insisted that he should abdicate his temporal function—be Pontiff, not King; and a Roman republic was proclaimed and established which lasted fifty years, showing that though the same things may be written many times in the world's history, the text often varies in subordinate details.

The banished Popes forced their way back to Rome with the help of foreign troops; were again expelled; and, to make confusion worse confounded, the conclave was divided (1130) as to who should succeed a deceased Pontiff in St. Peter's chair—one-half nominating Innocent the Second, the other Anacletus the Second—Pope and anti-Pope, as they are termed. It was a delightful hurly-burly, in which three of the most conspicuous combatants were St. Bernard—unquailing champion of the temporal power; Abelard—Heloise Abelard—and his famous disciple, Arnold of Brescia, a far abler man, opposed to him. The Guelphs—as the champions of a King-Pontiff were called—ultimately triumphed over their antagonists, the Ghibellines. But the victory was achieved neither by the zeal and eloquence of St. Bernard, nor by the efforts of the savage soldiery enlisted on the side of the Popes.

He who abolished the Roman republic of those days, brought back the Roman people to its allegiance to the temporal as well as spiritual dominion of the Pontiffs, compelled the mighty emperor of the West to hold his stirrup when he mounted his palfrey, was, when Abelard lectured, St. Bernard prayed, preached and persecuted, Nicholas Breakspeare, once a wretched, half-starved English boy, tending swine in the woods around St. Alban's, Hertfordshire, and destined in the fulness of time to be the one hundred and sixty-seventh Pope, and the only Englishman who has ever worn the tiara. The purpose of this paper is to sketch in brief outline that marvellous career. However feebly done, it can hardly fail to excite interest and convey instruction.

Nicholas Breakspeare, the swineherd, was born at Langley, a village in the neighborhood of St. Alban's, in the beginning of the eleventh century. The condition in life of the family was that of laborers, but not villiens—*adscripta glebæ*—and one would suppose that Robert Breakspeare, the father, must have in some way obtained a smattering of clerkly lore, as he, having in middle age taken sanctuary in the monastery of St. Alban's, was in due time consecrated a priest, and admitted into the brotherhood. Learning, however, was not in those days an indispensable qualification for the priestly office; it was enough to be able to read the church services, and he may have acquired that faculty during his novitiate.

He had committed some offense against the forest laws, and would have been strung up to the nearest tree had he not fled to sanctuary. In those evil days, monasteries were the only refuge of the oppressed Saxon. The great mass of the monks were Englishmen by blood as well as birth, and it was from a sentiment of nationality, as well as Christian compassion, that the poor hunted laborer of Langley was enrolled a member of the fraternity at St. Alban's, and permitted to supersede, as the Romish canon law has it, the marriage vow—his wife being alive—by a higher, yet more sacred obligation.

The compelled desertion of his wife and son by the husband and father threw the maintenance of himself and his mother upon Nicholas Breakspeare—a frail support, though Nicholas was then a stout, handsome lad, some seventeen years of age, and did not spare himself in ministering to his mother's wants. His employment as swineherd barely provided himself with coarse, distressful food and ragged raiment, and to eke out his mother's means he was fain, after his regular daily task was done, his herd of swine driven home, to employ himself in any of the most repulsive menial work at the monastery which he could obtain; work paid for, not in coin, but by increase of the daily dole to his mother, which she, in common with the poor of the neighborhood, received at the gate of the monastery. Nicholas himself remained as ill-fed, as ill-clad as ever. So altogether tattered and torn was the appearance of the future Pope, that his father, a stern, morose man, sought by threats, sometimes by violence, to prevent him from coming to the monastery, either for dole or to labor.

The uses of adversity were blessed to Nicholas Breakspeare. His clear, powerful, though untutored intellect early perceived that two powers confronted Christendom, and only two—a warlike, territorial aristocracy, and the Church. His father securely bucklered from the vengeance of a great baron by the clerical power, was an instructive lesson; and the young swineherd intuitively seized the indisputable truth, that in those days, when every one believed in the absolute privilege of the priest to send a soul direct to paradise, or shut it up in hell forever, the power of the keys, judiciously wielded, would always prove an overmatch for steel and gold combined. Those who could kill the body were to be feared, but how infinitely more so those who could slay the soul. It was by that conviction the career of Nicholas Breakspeare was shaped. Guiding himself by it, he found his way to the pontifical throne, and, seated thereon, wielded a sceptre absolute, triumphant as that of Hildebrand (Gregory the Seventh), the Czar Peter of the Romish Church, to borrow a phrase from Monsieur Guizot. Nicholas Breakspeare, the swineherd, determined to be a "clerk."

But how to obtain admission to the priesthood? That was the question, and one very difficult of satisfactory solution. The Abbot of the monastery, Abbot Richard, was not his friend, Robert Breakspeare frowned upon his son's timidly expressed aspirations, and Nicholas could neither read nor write. The lad was sinking into despair, when accident, or what men call such, befriended him. One of the monks of St. Alban's, a Father Wilfrid, was rescued from some imminent peril, whilst strolling through the woods, by the address and courage of Nicholas (the nature of the peril is not stated), and in requital he undertook to teach the ambitious swineherd to read and write. The lessons were given at irregular times, as suited the monk's convenience, and always in the woods.

Nicholas proved an apt scholar, and before his twentieth year knew pretty nearly as much of Latin as his preceptor. Many years afterwards, when Nicholas Breakspeare had become Adrian IV, he told his famous countryman, John of Salisbury (Bishop of Chartres), that the happiest days of his life were those passed in the Hertfordshire woods, tending his swine and conning his lessons with the good Father Wilfrid; and that he would gladly cast off the tiara which bound his temples as with red-hot steel, and all the pomp, dignity, and power of Popedom, to be again a ragged, careless boy, with no riches but health, no task but that of watching his herd of swine, and mastering the mysteries of the monk's illuminated missal. So true it is that sowing, watering the seed, not its fruition—the chase, not the seizure of the quarry—make up the charm of life.

As good a scholar as his instructor, Nicholas Breakspeare took courage to make a formal application to become a candidate for priest's orders. The request was peremptorily refused by Abbot Richard, he being urged to do so, it was believed, by the applicant's father. This was a terrible blow, but Father Wilfred again stood his friend. The monk advised him to go to Paris; furnished him with letters of introduction to several fraternities of monks in that city, and a few crowns for his purse. For some unstated reason, Nicholas did not meet with a favorable reception in Paris, which he soon left, and wandered through a considerable part of France, vainly seeking to be admitted as a servitor in the monasteries at which he applied for food and rest, till he arrived at that of St. Rufus, without the walls of Avignon in Provence. The brotherhood chanced to be just then in want of a strong, willing, intelligent servitor, and Nicholas was at once engaged.

The handsome young Englishman proved to be a wonderful acquisition, fulfilling his duties, and more than his duties, with unwearying zeal. Never had the garden of the monastery been so skilfully cultivated; the church furniture kept in such bright condition; the refectory table so punctually, neatly set out and arranged. And then his edifying piety, not in the least obtrusively flaunted as it were in the face of those in whom long practice had somewhat dulled the appetite for spiritual things; quite the reverse of obtrusive, and for that reason the more edifying. And though he never tasted any other liquid than water, and confined himself strictly to the meagre dietary of the order (wine and rich meats did not agree with him), who ever saw him reprove by a look the transgressions of the brotherhood in the matter of refection? How diligently he studied, too! The result was, that Nicholas Breakspeare succeeded so completely in gaining the favor of the monks of St. Rufus and their Abbot William, that he was unanimously invited to become a candidate for the priestly office; and the precedent conditions having been fulfilled in accordance with the canon, he was regularly consecrated priest of the most high God. The swineherd's foot was at last firmly placed upon the first rung of the ladder which was in the end found to reach so high.

CHAPTER II.

MONK AND ABBOT.

As priest, the monks of St. Rufus found a yet greater treasure in Nicholas Breakspeare, than as a lay servitor. He was indefatigable in his new duties; was ready for the confessional upon all occasions; and if a sick, possibly dying person sent in the dead of night to the monastery for spiritual aid, he undertook the duty with cheerfullest alacrity. A most attractive preacher moreover; and the good people of Avignon came in crowds to the church of the monastery to hear the fervid discourses of the gifted young priest—with great benefit, I need hardly say, to the treasury of St. Rufus. And his piety was not in the slightest degree pharisaical; he ate himself, eating and drinking in strict accordance with the prescribed rules, it almost seemed doubtful, so friendly, cordial was he at such times, that he could be aware there were flagons of wine and rich meats upon the table, whilst he was dining off black bread, skim cheese, and cold water. At all events he was a man of unbounded charity as regarded the failings of others; largely, bountifully considerate for his weaker brethren. The brotherhood of St. Rufus were blessed, even blessed in their new acquisition.

Abbot William, who had been ailing for a long time, died, full of years, if not precisely in the orthodox odor of sanctity. Nothing more, however, he believe, could be fairly laid to the venerable man's charge than that he liked a good dinner, and felt a constitutional preference for the season of Easter over that of Lent. He was buried with his brethren, and the question thereupon to be decided was, who should reign in his stead.

There could scarcely be two opinions about that; brother Nicholas, of course. He as Abbot would confer lustre on the monastery, continue, no doubt, to do almost all the spiritual work, and look with a mildly indulgent eye—if he looked at all—upon the trifling divarications of the fraternity from the strict rules of the order. The whilom swineherd was consequently elected Abbot of St. Rufus by unanimous vote.

The new dignitary bore his honors meekly, till the document ratifying his election arrived from Rome. Then thunder fell upon the astounded, bewildered monks. The oldest of the fraternity was summoned to the presence of the new Abbot, sternly, told that he—the Abbot—had been for years a horrified witness of the laxity of discipline which prevailed in the monastery; the shameful swilling and gormandizing of the monks, who were bound by their vows to set the world an example of temperance carried to austerity. He had not before reproved those practices, simply for the reason that he had no power to enforce a reform. Now that he *had*, the rules of the order would be rigidly enforced, not only in the matter of the dietary, but the punctual attendance of the monks at all the sacred services, etc. This announcement, one can easily believe, produced a fearful consternation amongst the shamefully betrayed brotherhood.

The King Log they supposed themselves to have elected turned out to be King Stork, with a vengeance. How had they been deceived! Consulting the almost forgotten dietary code of the founder, which enacted that water should be the sole beverage, meat in homœopathic quantity to be partaken of only on Sundays and holidays of obligation; upon all other days their food to be coarse bread, pulse, and other vegetables—the unfortunate monks were excited to frenzy, and went in a body to remonstrate with the elect of their choice. They took nothing by that motion; were sternly ordered to go instantly to their cells, and in penance for their contumacy every one was to recite seven times the seven penitential psalms. They *did* slink back to their cells, but with respect to the seven penitential psalms I have my doubts. I imagine it must have been anything but psalms the enraged monks poured forth upon that doleful day.

The revolution was, they soon found, a grim reality—the Abbot's *coup de maître* trenchant, unsparing, irresistible. The stock of rich wines in the cellars—pious offerings of the faithful for the solace of the sacred fraternity—was sent off in *charrettes* to Avignon to be sold, the proceeds to swell the alms-fund for distribution amongst the poor. The sufferings of the unfortunate monks were not limited to the dreadful dietary. They were inexorably routed out of their cells at three in the morning for primes, which, with matins, masses, in ceaseless succession, and frequent benedictions, kept them constantly to collar till ten at night, when, after regaling themselves with a piece of black bread and a cup of water, they were dismissed to their allotted five hours' repose.

Flesh and blood—even such meagre and attenuated flesh and blood as remained to them after a few months of "salutary discipline"—revolted against such usage. They were fast becoming ghostly fathers in a most hateful sense. What was it to them that a high church dignitary, no other than the Bishop of Provence, could boast in one of his pastorals that the odor of sanctity emanating from the monastery of St. Rufus was purifying the moral atmosphere for leagues around its sacred walls; that the church of the monastery was always crowded, the confessionals constantly full? All that only increased the burden laid upon their galled shoulders. Finally, one of them, who was related to the Countess Beaujolais, interested that noble dame in the distressing case, and through her a cardinal presented a petition from the brotherhood—a sort of round-robin—to Pope Eugenius III, complaining of the abuse of power on the part of Abbot Nicholas. The Abbot and a deputation of the complainants were in consequence summoned to Rome that the matter might be fully investigated. The Abbot came triumphantly out of the ordeal, Pope Eugenius sternly telling the discomfited monks, at its close, that their Abbot was far too good for them. Poor fellows! they had been long painfully aware of that; he was *much* too good for them: they wanted a considerably less heavenly, holy Abbot!—a sinner, if such a favor could have been granted, like themselves. However, that was past praying for; and by way of impressing upon them the iniquity of falsely accusing their spiritual superior, the deputation were ordered to journey back to St. Rufus on foot; which they did, under the vigilant care of their Abbot—he mounted upon a palfrey—and faring, if not sumptuously, plentifully every day, they rigorously restricted to the deteriorated dietary of the St. Rufus brotherhood—miserable monks! After this the severity of the Abbot's rule increased rather than diminished, till at last two of the monks fled the convent, and the others almost broke out into open mutiny. There was another appeal to Rome. Pope Eugenius said he knew it was Satan who stirred up these troubles; but to avoid further scandal, their excellent Abbot would not return to St. Rufus monastery, and his Holiness would nominate one who would suit them better. Abbot Nicholas he should raise to an episcopal dignity, make him Bishop of Albano.

The monks were overjoyed; his Holiness might—if he would and could—make the stern ascetic Abbot an archangel, so that they were finally quit of him. It is to be presumed there was a jolly carouse at the monastery of St. Rufus when the bringers of glad tidings arrived there. Almost immediately afterwards a by-law was enacted by the emancipated brotherhood—never again to elect a foreigner to be Abbot: they could hardly be mistaken in the character of a good, simple Provencal, whom some of them would necessarily have known from childhood; and that rule was never repealed or contravened. The ancient monastery of St. Rufus was totally destroyed in 1792, by the revolutionary mob.

CHAPTER III.

BISHOP—APOSTLE—POPE.

Nicholas Breakspeare was created a cardinal, and Archbishop of Albano in 1146, by Pope Eugenius, and forthwith despatched to convert the heathen nations of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway to the Christian faith. He was accompanied by a numerous retinue, and, if the monkish chroniclers are to be believed, his success in the holy work was marvellous. It is not anywhere asserted that he was endowed with the miraculous gift of tongues, or that he had learned Norse in the ordinary way. The conversions of the common people, who presented themselves in crowds to receive baptism, could not, therefore, have been effected by preaching. The clerical chroniclers easily account for the success of the cardinal archbishop's mission. Supernatural aid was abundantly vouchsafed to him; there were continual portents; signs in the heavens, the significance of which the most bigoted worshipper of the Scandinavian deities could not misunderstand.

One expedient adopted by the astute archbishop must have told with great force. Having first obtained the consent of the kings and chief men of the three kingdoms, he caused as great a number of the most venerated idols—Thor, Woden, and the rest—as could be procured, to be collected at indicated spots, where great feasts were prepared for all comers, the carcasses of the animals to be eaten being roasted by the flames of the burning images. Evidently, if Thor or Woden were genuine gods, they would never allow themselves to be consumed in cooking flesh for the delectation of Christian stomachs. No eloquence was required to enforce or illustrate that conclusion. There does not, in fact, appear to be any doubt that Cardinal Archbishop Nicholas Breakspeare succeeded in effecting a complete revolution in the religious ideas of the Scandinavian peoples, and that the effect of his labors was permanent. He is held to be the apostle of those nations as certainly as St. Patrick was of Ireland. He founded a bishopric at Drontheim, an archiepiscopal see at Upsal, which still exists.

The fame of his success had preceded him to Rome, finding wide echoes there; and he, arriving in the Eternal city in 1154—a few days only before the death of Pope Anastatius—was unanimously elected by the conclave that pontiff's successor. He accepted the awful dignity with real or feigned reluctance—no doubt the latter—and ascended the pontifical throne, to which, in the opinion of universal Christendom, all other thrones were subordinate, under the title of Adrian IV—truly a marvellous height to have been climbed, with such comparative ease, by a Hertfordshire swineherd!

In some respects Adrian IV was certainly a type of the Divine Being whose vicegerent he assumed to be. The Roman people crowned him, but it was with thorns. They cried "All hail," as to a supreme monarch, and insisted that he should be a subject even as themselves, and gave him to drink from a jewelled goblet, brimming with the vinegar, mingled with gall of humiliation and defeat. The English Pope was not a man to submit to that humiliation, to accept that defeat. But he could patiently abide his time, as he had done in the monastery of St. Rufus. Till he could strike effectually, the tearing claw should be carefully hidden beneath the soft, silken exterior. Let me not forget to mention that Henry II, King of England, sent Robert, Abbot of the monastery of St. Alban's, and three bishops, to congratulate the new Pope on his elevation. Adrian IV was exceedingly gratified, especially by the visit and homage of the St. Alban's abbot, and showed his gratitude by exempting the monastery from any ecclesiastical jurisdiction except his own—that is, of the popes. Few pantomimes present such a fantastic change of scene and characters. The exemption from the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury remained in force till the time of Henry VIII.

The temporal kingdom of the Popes had departed from them. Weighed in Roman balances, they had been found wanting, and the Papal population had been for many years governed by a senate, composed of fifty-six members, chosen by delegates from the thirteen districts of the city of Rome. A republic, in fact, had been established, with Arnold of Brescia at its head. This able disciple of Abelard was an energetic reformer in a restricted sense. He disputed none of the spiritual dogmas of the Church, but wished to confine the clergy, his Holiness the Pope inclusive, to their spiritual duties. He would deprive him and them of all temporal dominion. These teachings were condemned as "pestilent heresy" by the second Lateran Council. That unenforceable decree Arnold could afford to smile at. A sincere, earnest man Arnold seems to have been, but possessed of singular hallucinations. One was, and it was an article of faith with him, that Rome was, ought to be, and would be again, mistress of the world, the kings and people of which would be content to receive their laws from the Senate of the Roman republic, elected by delegates from the thirteen quarters of the city of Rome. Assuredly a very remarkable illusion that!

The government of the senate, of which Arnold was the life, the soul, was in the main a just, efficient one. The mass of the Roman people supported, respected it. Evidently, then, the ambitious Hertfordshire swineherd—fully resolved as he was to establish the plenary power of the Papacy, and its temporal as well as spiritual sway—had a difficult, a perilous game to play. Perhaps no other man—not even a Hildebrand—would have played it so cautiously or so surely. The religious faith of the people was, he satisfied himself, unweakened. Even the arch-enemy of the Church, Arnold, acknowledged the power of the keys, the authority of the priest to bind and to loose in the next world. Possessed of that fulcrum, Adrian IV had no doubt whatever of being able to uproot and scatter to the winds the usurping republic of Rome.

No doubt all this was the same time, no one was more impressed with the wisdom of the Italian saying, "*Che va piano va sano*," than the new Pope. He was secret and stealthy as Louis Napoleon Bonaparte himself. For an entire year the English Pope was the zealous chief pastor, and chief pastor only, of the Church—apparently indifferent to secular politics—friendly even with Arnold himself. His real piety rendered the assumption of such a part comparatively easy. It was essentially necessary to acquire a reputation for ascetic sanctity with the populace. In that Adrian IV completely succeeded. He was a saint upon earth, the beatification of whom, *selon les regles*, would after his death be a mere matter of form.

All that time Adrian IV was cautiously sounding the clergy of Rome, without whose zealous co-operation nothing effectual could be done. He found them, as he expected, animated by fierce enmity to the republicans; and all, as soon as it was clearly perceived that a resolute, sagacious man sat in St. Peter's chair, willing to follow his lead, unite their fortunes with his. Nothing more was required. Victory was organized; the day of battle with the foes of the Church's temporal dominion would infallibly see those impious foes trampled into dust by the awful powers of that Church. It proved so. That which seems very remarkable is that, as in the case of Louis Napoleon, not one of the many hundreds of persons necessarily in the secret of the scheme for overthrowing the Republic betrayed the confidence reposed in him. This circumstance has emboldened certain writers to assert that Adrian IV did not contemplate the overthrow of the civil government of Rome; that the doing so was a sudden inspiration suggested by opportunity. We happen to have a modern instance which refutes the false logic of that assumption.

The wounding of a cardinal—it was at first thought mortally—in the streets of Rome (whether this was or was not in the papal programme I have no means of judging) gave the anxiously expected signal. At once rolled the thunders of the Vatican; the living lightning of interdict was fulminated against the city of Rome, and obeyed with alacrity by the clergy. The churches were immediately closed; the priests withheld their administrations; there could be no marrying or giving in marriage; no administration of the sacraments; no extreme unction; no viaticum for the dying, and the soul was compelled to quit its tenement of clay unanointed, unhouselled, and unannealed, and necessarily, therefore, in the firm belief of the age, taking the road—not the primrose one—to the everlasting bonfire; the dead buried like dogs in unconsecrated ground, no prayers said over them, no holy oil mingled with the clods flung upon their coffins!

I can well understand and excuse the terrors of the people of Rome. What resistance could they oppose to weapons which they believed to have been taken from the armory of God himself? A few days' experience of the effect of the interdict sufficed to cast the Roman population at the Pope's feet. There was a universal wail in the Eternal City. The terrified populace besieged the gate of the Vatican, and with cries, tears, lamentations, implored the holy father to remove the terrible interdict. His Holiness, after much hesitation, agreed to do so, upon the peremptory condition that the Senate should be broken up, and Arnold banished from Rome! By what process of reasoning the Senate and Arnold could be made responsible for the criminal assault upon the cardinal—the ostensible pretence for launching the interdict—it is difficult to understand.

Enough for the Roman populace, that they thought, if they chose, get rid of the interdict without delay. They did not hesitate for a moment; the senators were deposed, Arnold driven from Rome. The temporal power of the Pope thus signally vindicated, the churches were reopened, the clergy renewed their functions—the republic was a thing of the past. Spasmodic struggles of the Ghibellines, in opposition to the temporal dominion, often subsequently occurred; but Nicholas Breakspeare had unmistakably broken the neck of rebellion against the authority of the pontiffs as *kings*.

Not very long afterwards, Adrian IV laid the dominions of William I, King of Sicily and Apulia, as Southern Italy was then called, under interdict. William was at last compelled to purchase peace with the Pope by costly presents, as payment of tribute, in consideration of which Adrian IV conferred upon him the title of King of the Two Sicilies.

The conflict between the Hertfordshire swineherd, become Pope, with Frederick Ænobarbus, commonly known as Barbarossa, Emperor of the West, will conclude this strange, eventful history. Frederick was very desirous of being crowned by the Pope in St. Peter's, and by way of putting a little pressure upon his Holiness, approached the Eternal City with a large army. Adrian and his cardinals went forth to meet him at a considerable distance from Rome. The meeting was friendly enough, but Adrian insisted, that before he gave Frederick "the kiss of peace," the Emperor should hold his stirrup whilst he mounted his palfrey. This demand the puissant Emperor angrily refused to comply with, whereupon the frightened cardinals fled in a body to Civita Castellana. The important subject was debated during two days. At last Frederick yielded, and at Nepi went formally through the ceremony of holding his Holiness' stirrup.

There was another condition to be fulfilled before the Emperor could be crowned in St. Peter's. Arnold of Brescia had taken refuge with the viscounts and nobles of Campania. The Emperor was required to send troops to seize Arnold and deliver him into the power of Adrian. This was done, and Arnold, by order of the Pope, was hanged in Rome. His body was then burnt, and the ashes flung to the winds. This is the black spot upon the history of the English Pope. But for that atrocious deed Nicholas Breakspeare might fairly claim the character of a wise, energetic, and judged by the maxims of State policy which prevailed in his day, a humane prince. There can, I think, be no question that he was a sincere, conscientious man.

The Emperor Frederick was crowned by Adrian in St. Peter's; but the two potentates soon quarrelled, and when death surprised the Pope in September, 1159, at Aragni, his Holiness was about to hurl the major excommunication at Frederick for having put away his lawful wife and espoused Beatriz, daughter of the Count of Burgundy. He was buried in St. Peter's, having filled St. Peter's chair close upon five years. It is Matthew Paris, I think, who says there was a report that he permitted his mother, even after his elevation to the popedom, to receive doles at the gate of the St. Alban's monastery—an absurd, ridiculous calumny. Nicholas Breakspeare's mother died before her son left England.

WILLIAM RUSSELL, LL. D.

ROMAN REMAINS.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN ENGLAND.

The following interesting description of Roman remains just discovered in England appears in the Liverpool *Mercury*:—

"BRIDGE WORKS, Runcorn, August 20.—Gentlemen—As agent for Messrs. Cochrane, Grove & Co., the contractors for the iron work of the bridge crossing the Mersey at this point, I beg to hand you an account of a remarkable discovery which has been made during the erection of a dam for the first river pier thereof, and trust you will find space in your columns, as, from its exceptional—in fact, almost unprecedented—nature, it will certainly be of the highest antiquarian interest, and may possibly be still more valuable as giving historical information respecting a period of which little is known, viz., that immediately succeeding the first arrival of the Saxons in Eri ain.

"The discovery was made in the following manner:—On the 27th instant, while sinking one of our caissons, an obstacle was met with which defied the pressure exercised by our sinking apparatus. Divers were sent down, who, on removing a quantity of sand from about the base of the caisson, reported the obstruction to be a large log of wood. By help of a strong crane, and after removing the pressure from the caisson, we were enabled to draw it up to the staging, and found it to be not a log of wood, as the divers, misled by its general strided state, had reported, but a large coffin-shaped box of great strength, measuring about eight feet by three feet. The wood had become impregnated with oxide of iron, from the red sandstone, which had made it as hard as iron itself, so that it was with the greatest difficulty that we were enabled to prise open the lid. The inside, which was roughly hewn to the shape of a human body, but with a large additional space at the head, was lined with a greyish bituminous substance, and contained the body of a man in a most wonderful state of preservation. It is attired in the dress of a wealthy Roman citizen, the tunic and toga both white, embroidered with purple and gold threads, the toga fastened with a handsome golden fibula. The straps of the buskins are studded with little golden bosses. Attached to the girdle are a tablet and a golden-hilted stylus. The *tout ensemble*, in fact, while not glaring, is rich and tasteful.

"The body, though in civil dress, appears to be that of a legionary officer, as a large military cloak is swathed round it, and by his side are a short sword (the famous Roman 'gladium') with its belt, a javelin and a vinea such as centurions used to preserve discipline among their men. A fine onyx signet ring, bearing the letters S. P. Q. R. and the figure of a wolf, is on the finger. This I conjecture to be a symbol of authority delegated by the Roman Senate, or the then reigning emperor, to the bearer. The sword and belt also bear the initials S. P. Q. R. The head of the vinea is shaped into a rude resemblance to a Roman eagle.

"The body has been embalmed in so skilful a manner as to preserve, even after this lapse of time, the features tolerably distinct; but it is excessively fragile, crumbling at a touch; in fact, it has only been preserved from total destruction by the mantle and by a quantity of a cryptogamic plant allied to the common equisetum, which is packed round it, keeping it steady and immovable in the coffin.

"I forbear giving a more detailed account, and will proceed to mention briefly the contents of the space above the head of the corpse. A quantity of the equisetum-like herb sustains uninjured an amphora of coarse earthenware with a yellow vitreous glaze. The handles and neck are broken off, and inside it is placed—also with packing—a beautifully executed cinerary urn of Red Samian ware, containing ashes, and a small roll of vellum covered with characters which I am unable to decipher, but I believe to be Saxon. Sprinkled through the scroll I however found the Roman name 'Q. Sulpicius Piso,' the initials 'S. P. Q. R.,' the words 'legatus,' 'crematio,' 'manes,' 'lares,' and a few others. This scroll I therefore imagine to hold the key of the enigma presented by the many anomalous appearances I have described and am about to describe.

ORNAMENTS AND COINS.

"In the amphora, beneath the urn, are a number of ornaments of gold and silver, such as were worn by Saxon females of rank; among them is a kind of rude locket containing a long tress of glossy yellow hair. The ornaments appear to be a set, as if they had belonged to one person; and this fact, coupled with the presence of the hair, leads me to suppose the ashes contained in the urn to be those of the owner of both them and the hair.

"The amphora also contains a small packet of coins, nearly 100 in number, of which all are gold and of the reigns of the Roman emperors—Honorius, dating A. D. 410, of Hadrian, Antonius, and Severus, with earlier dates. The remaining coins are silver, probably Saxon, but owing to their mutilated and defaced condition I am unable to say positively. On one only is a date visible, viz., 465.

SUMMISES.

"From these dates, as well as from the Saxon ornaments, I am inclined to refer the remains to about the date of the first arrival of the Saxons in Britain. The corpse may be that of one of the last emissaries of Rome to this island; or, as history speaks of no political intercourse between Rome and our island at that period, he may have been connected with a religious, not a civil mission. The ashes I surmise to be those of a Saxon female. But how shall we account for the presence of the remains of a Roman and a Saxon in a common tomb? More strange still is the embalming of the Roman and the cremation of the Saxon. The position of the coffin in the bed of the river is also strange; but an overturned boat and the shifting sands may account for this. Possibly the scroll found in the urn may give an explanation of this, and till this has been deciphered we must be content to remain in the dark.

"I have been instructed, in case no claim is made for the remains as 'treasure trove,' to send the whole in their present condition to the British Museum about the beginning of next week. Should, however, any gentlemen think it worth their while to call at the above address before that time, I shall be most happy to give them an opportunity of examining the remains before they leave this part of the country.

"Yours, &c.,
J. P. ASHTON."

CUSTOM KING OF ENGLAND.

The London *Athenæum* thus happily "takes off" the sway of custom in our language:—

The principal advisers of King Custom are as follows:—First, there is Etymology, the *chiffonier*, or general rag merchant, who has made such a fortune of late years in his own business that he begins to be considered highly respectable. He gives advice which is more thought of than followed, partly on account of the fearful extremes into which he runs. He lately asked some boys of sixteen, at a matriculation examination in *English*, to what branch of the Indo-Germanic family they felt inclined to refer the Pushto language, and what changes in the force of the letters took place in passing from Greek into Mœso-Gothic.

Because all syllables were once words he is a little inclined to insist that they shall be so still. He would gladly rule English with a Saxon rod, which might be permitted with a certain discretion, which he has never attained; and when opposed he defends himself with the analogies of the Aryan family until those who hear him long for the discovery of an Athanasyus. He will transport a word beyond seas—he is recorder of Rhemotopolis—on circumstantial evidence which looks like mystery gone mad; but strange to say, something very often comes to light after sentence passed which proves the soundness of the conviction.

The next adviser is Logic, a swearing old justice of peace, quorum, and rotulorum, whose excesses brought on such a fit of the gout that for many years he was unable to move. He is now mending, and his friends say he has sown his wild oats. He has some influence with the educated subjects of Custom, and he will have more, if he can learn the line at which interference ought to stop; with them he has succeeded in making an affirmative of two negatives; but the vulgar won't never have nothing to say to him. He has always railed at Milton for writing that Eve was the fairest of her daughters; but has never satisfactorily shown what Milton ought to have said instead.

The third adviser has more influence with the mass of the subjects of King Custom than the other two put together; his name is Fiddle-faddle, the toy-shop keeper; and the other two put him forward to do their worst work. In return, he cuts a quiz on their names without authority. He took Etymology to witness that *means* to an end must be plural; and he would have any one method to be a *mean*. But Etymology proved him wrong. Custom referred him to his catechism, in which is "a means whereby we receive the same," and Analogy, a subordinate of Etymology, asked whether he thought it a great *new* to hear that he was wrong.

It was either this Fiddle-faddle, or Lindley Murray, his traveler, who persuaded the Miss Slipslops, of the Ladies' Seminary, to put "The Misses Slipslop" over the gate. Sixty years ago, this bugman called at all the girls' schools and got many of the teachers to insist on their pupils saying "Is it not" and "Can I not" for "Isn't it" and "Can't I;" of which it came that the poor girls were dreadfully laughed at by their irreverent brothers when they went home for the holidays. Had this bad advice not been severely checked he might by this time have proposed our saying "The Queen's of England son," decaring, in the name of logic, that the Prince was the Queen's son, not England's.

Lastly, there is Typography the metallurgist, an executive officer who is always at work in secret, and whose lawless mode of advising is often done by carrying his notions into effect without leave given. He it is who never ceases suggesting that the same word is not to occur in a second place within sight of the first. When the authorized version was first printed, he began this trick at the passage, "Let there be light, and there was light;" he drew a line on the proof under the second *light*, and wrote "*luminosity*" opposite. He is strongest in the punctuations and other signs; he has a pepper-box full of commas always by his side. He puts everything under marks of quotation which he has ever heard before.

An earnest preacher, in a very moving sermon, used the phrase Alas! and alack a day! Typography stuck up the inverted commas because he had read the only Anglo-Indian toast, "A lass and a lac a day." If any one should have the sense to leave out of his book the unmeaning scratches which they call accents, he goes to a lexicon and puts them in. He is powerful in routine; but when two routines interlace or overlap, he frequently takes the wrong one.

Subject to bad advice, and sometimes misled for a season, King Custom goes on his quiet way, and is sure to be right at last.

Treason does never prosper: what's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

The Empress Eugenie—Her Toilet, Her Diamonds, etc.

Since the splendid days of Louis XIV, the grandiose palace created by him has seen no spectacle so brilliant as the wonderful affair of last Saturday, got up by the Empress in honor of Queen Isabella's husband, Don Francisquez de Assises, first cousin of his wife, to whom, in spite of the abhorrence with which she regarded him, Louis Phillippe contrived to get the young queen married by her mother, reached Bordeaux on the 16th, and was magnificently received by the authorities of the region, escorted to Paris by persons sent by the Emperor, reached St. Cloud on the 17th, and was received by the Emperor, Empress and little Prince, with great ceremony, at the foot of the great staircase. Next day bests and guests went to the Tuileries, where the King held a reception. The Empress was dressed in a vaporous robe of white tulle, with imperial mantle, and wore a diadem of diamonds so bright as really to dazzle the eyes; the famous "regent," the most splendid of the crown-diamonds of France, blazing like a little sun just over her brow. With her splendid array of toilette and jewels, and her white veil, like a mist, floating over her unrivalled shoulders, she looked every whit as ethereally lovely as she did when her remarkable beauty, and still more remarkable grace first enthralled the heart of her imperial adorer. So beautiful did she look that night, and so splendid was the general *coup d'œil*, that no one paid the slightest heed to the performances, admirable though they were, with the exception of the King, who was evidently enchanted with the brilliancy of the stage effects, and the little Prince, who has never before been allowed to assist at such a performance, and who, wearing for the first time the order of the Golden Fleece, sent him by Queen Isabella, was in the seventh heaven of excitement and delight, and followed every detail of scenery, gesture, and music with the most rapt attention. The Empress, more than any other woman, has her good and her bad days. At times she looks positively plain, almost ugly; at other times she looks a mixture of Peri, Fairy, Saint and Syren, making up the strangest, most bewitching *ensemble* it is possible to imagine. On that evening, probably from the immense satisfaction of her pride and vanity in receiving her ci-devant sovereign as her equal and her guest, in the eyes of an admiring universe, it is certain that she looked wonderfully lovely, with her white skin, almost whiter than her dress, the faint roses on her cheeks (excessively pretty, whether due to nature or art!), her floating drapery seemingly scattered over with diamonds and pearls, and the dazzling crown above her lovely hair. So perfectly well aware was she, or her admiring husband, or both, of the marvellous beauty of her appearance that evening, that the great State Carriage, all glass and gilding, in which she went to and from the opera, was lighted up inside, by some ingenious introduction of lights in the roof, so that her beauti

Evening Telegraph

A DAILY AFTERNOON NEWSPAPER.

OFFICE No. 108 S. THIRD STREET.

Price Three Cents Per Copy, or Eighteen Cents Per Week, payable to the Carrier, and mailed to Subscribers out of the City at Nine Dollars Per Annum; One Dollar and Fifty Cents for Two Months, invariably in advance for the period ordered.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. A liberal arrangement made for extended insertions.

To Correspondents.

No notice can be taken of Anonymous Communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer—not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee for his good faith. We cannot undertake to return rejected Communications.

To Advertisers.

Owing to the great increase in the Circulation of The Evening Telegraph, compelling us to go to press at an early hour, we urgently request that advertisements may be handed in as soon as 10 o'clock, if possible, to secure them an insertion in all of our editions.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864.

TO BUSINESS MEN.

The steady advance in the values of merchandise, for the last three years, has made thousands of merchants unexpectedly wealthy. Those who have sold out and retired from business, and wisely secured their profits by investment, are rich. Those who still have stocks on hand must depend upon the future as to their financial condition. The recent fall in gold affects the value of every article on hand. Those who can soonest convert their goods into greenbacks will, of course, make the most money. The surest and quickest way to do this is to advertise. Select the live newspapers—those that find their way into families and are read by all classes. Delays are dangerous! Do not be afraid to spend a few dollars in order to let the public know what you have to sell and where you are located. Hundreds will thank us for this advice in a month or two, when they look around them and see the thousands who neglect it, with the shelves of their warerooms piled with goods that can only be sold at enormous and ruinous sacrifice.

The business strategy of to-day is to advertise!!

POLITICAL DECLINE.

The United States have exhibited a very remarkable progress in physical power and prosperity. In that respect they may continue to advance. They have natural resources which are susceptible of indefinite development. Every day is adding to the laboring force, the industrial skill, the mechanical means, the capital, and the enterprise of the country. The social condition of the people has also improved in many important respects. Increased facilities of education, a general diffusion of intelligence, a liberal demand for labor, and like causes, have promoted personal independence and domestic comfort among the masses, so that the distance between the affluent and the moderately well off multitude is reduced as to be hardly noticeable.

[illegible] this is most satisfactory to a just national [illegible] of pride [illegible] that that pride were without [illegible] for shame and humiliation. But the [illegible] is, that while we have been moving [illegible]rd in material improvement we have [illegible], for some years past, sadly retrograding [illegible] our political morals and circumstances. This decline is so conspicuous and decided as to excite general remark and serious apprehension. The fact, however, is most apparent in the politicians of to-day, as compared with the elevated personal virtue and public spirit of the statesmen of our Revolutionary period.

In that earlier and better era of the Republic, men were content to remain in retirement until called into the service of the State by the popular voice. The rage and struggle for civil station and power, so prevalent now, were not known. In the public councils, the public good was the sole or supreme aim. There were differences of opinion as to principles and measures of government, but they were honest differences. In the halls of legislation and elsewhere, debate rarely arose on any question not immediately important to the general welfare. It seldom descended into factious disputation, nor was it ever disgraced by the bullying tone and coarse invective of mere personal altercation.

The members of the first, and next succeeding Congresses, were grave, dignified, and judicious citizens, who felt that they had a solemn work to do, and they did it honestly and earnestly. They were as prompt as they were direct and conscientious in the discharge of their high trust. As they had no interest to serve but that of the State, they were frank and fearless in their action; as they sought only truth and right in their discussions, they dealt in no sophistry, indulged in no intemperate appeals to passion, listened patiently to argument, and were open to conviction, whencesoever it might come; and as they were gentlemen, they were at all times entirely decorous in their public as well as in their private intercourse. And how admirable for learning, wisdom, virtue, and eloquence were those first assemblies which legislated for the nation! With what sagacious forecast, with what singleness of will, with what loyalty of purpose, with what profoundness of judgment did they plan and lay the foundation of our liberties! There was not a small and feeble soul in that immortal company of patriots.

There are few, if any such men in our State and National Councils now. Why is this? Has the race died out? Have we no longer an Otis, an Adams, a Henry, a Rutledge, a Franklin, a Jay, in all our thirty odd millions of people? The Congress of 1789 was composed of the best talent and virtue of the country. Is it possible that the present Congress contains the very flower of the wisdom and integrity of the nation? If it does, how lamentably have we degenerated! But nobody imagines that the worthiest citizens of the Republic are to be found in its legislative departments. Why are they not placed there? Is it not of the highest importance that the National Councils should be directed by the ablest minds—quite as important as it was seventy years ago?

We shall not now notice even the more prominent of the injurious consequences of this decline in the character of our public men and that decay of popular virtue to which the fact is chiefly attributable. One of the striking results, however, is the deplorable weakness and licentiousness of legislation. The public good has ceased almost entirely to be a controlling element in our politics. Unless the people, who alone have the power, apply a corrective, they must expect the most fatal undermining of their liberties and happiness. Let them begin in the present campaign, and select those who have proved their devotion to the great principles of liberty upon which our form of Government was based, and which for half a century have been departed from. Let them turn a deaf ear to demagogues whose stock in trade consists of appeals to the lowest passions and meanest prejudices of the mob, and who show by their incendiary appeals and inflaming denunciations that they are dangerous and wicked men, and should not be raised to positions where they may overthrow our republican institutions, and by craven concessions to the Moloch of Slavery crush the hopes of the lovers of freedom and the rights of man throughout the world.

AMERICAN LIFE.

It is a sad thought that this wild whirl of effort and excitement, which makes up American life, is mostly destitute of purpose. Drawn along by the crowd, we ascend the huge treadmill of work, and mechanically begin the weary life-long tramp, with scarcely a thought as to the end we wish to attain. No one asks himself what he should desire his career to be, until it is shaped, by circumstances or his own acts, beyond the possibility of change. In the battle of life, we do not know for what we are fighting; acting on the world's stage, we have never chosen a part; sailing on life's ocean, we have no harbor to reach.

Our existence is a huge waste. Its machinery, driven at full speed and without stop, produces nothing. Its motto should be "Double, double toil and trouble." It is true that this is better than the misery and the degradation of indolence, and yet this feverish struggle for nothing is no less irrational. The loom may as well stand still if it spins no cloth—the rattle of the hopper is disagreeable as well as useless, if there is no wheat to grind. That anxiety and toil are worthless if they have no aim, is a truism even with those who are hurrying on after wealth which they do not want, and which, if they should get, they would not know how to spend. Knowing that it is necessary to comfort and happiness, men carelessly regard it as being in itself happiness; and thus, by a thoughtless confounding of the means with the end, they sacrifice life to gain the means of its support.

As one may have all the business virtues of the merchant which are essential to true manhood, and his character still not be that of a man, so he may acquire a fortune, and his life, even to himself, be one great failure. Whether, then, the pursuit will satisfy if it prove successful, is surely a question worth pondering; it is of some little importance to find out if the bubble will please, before beginning to chase it. "The game was not worth the candle," is not a pleasant proverb for a man to have to quote about his own life. There is obviously no content here. Every one, dissatisfied with the present, is restlessly looking forward to something ahead.

This iron energy, untiring effort, and rigorous self-denial, evince great capacities, but our mountain cannot point even to a mouse. All this restless activity is devoted to a pursuit which, to be successful, only requires isolation from social and family enjoyments, fatigue and parsimony, and sometimes, perhaps, a slight sacrifice of honor—trifles, undoubtedly, in the opinion of every prudent person; but it would be as well to find out, before paying this insignificant price, if a fortune is the thing wanted. A poor tailor of Bagdad excited the envy of his neighbors by, in some way, getting an elephant. Proudly and haughtily he rode through the streets, and thought that at last his happiness was complete.

When evening came, however, he having but a little fodder, and the elephant having a large appetite, there was such a discrepancy that, during the night, this cause of pride and envy broke loose, and destroyed everything that came in his way. The tailor was of course forced to kill him; and being too poor to pay for the removal of the carcass, which soon became a nuisance, the unfortunate man was cast into prison for want of compliance with the sanitary regulations of Bagdad. Those who have seen the perplexity of rich men in their silly attempts to spend a fortune which they had unluckily made; who have laughed in pity at their misshapen house, the auction-bought daubs which disgraced their walls, their empty or badly-chosen libraries; and who have known of the sleepless nights passed in walking the floor when note after note was proving worthless, or child after child was seeking ruin in the haunts of dissipation, sent thither by idleness and money,—those who have seen and known such things will find a moral in the story.

The unsatisfying nature of wealth is a truth that does not rest merely upon the authority of preachers and philosophers. The limited experience of every man must teach him that real enjoyment is not dependent on position or riches. These remarks are repeated till we are hackneyed, and still men who believe that they were created to be happy will not take one moment to find out the true way to be so. Because others have done it before them, they, too, deny themselves all enjoyment and relaxation, and set aside the means of happiness which lie on every side, in order to get that which, if gained, will prove a trouble to themselves and a curse to their children.

It is true that many intend to stop at a very moderate figure, but it is an unfortunate mistake to suppose that one who forgets and ignores everything but business, during his best years, is to lay it aside at will. The law of *vis inertiæ* governs mind as truly as it does matter, and if one gets fairly started, he cannot withstand his own momentum. It rests with the young only to determine if they are to have the culture derived from literature and art, the genial amenities of home and society, or the ignoble destiny of being "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

Let all, however, bear in mind that the happiness of a people is a question as worthy of public notice as tariffs or banks, it being quite as true that the miserable are always vicious as that the sinful are always wretched. It deserves, indeed, more attention than it will get; for truly,

"The world is too much with us. Late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers,
And give our hearts away."

—The business at the office of the Assistant Treasurer of the United States, New York, today, was as follows:—Receipts, $1,068,352 40; for Customs, $152,160; payments, $14,440 11, on account of loan, $136,899; balance, $23,650,475 17.

Notice is hereby given to parties interested, that, for the purpose of enabling this office to make prompt payments for bullion deposited, the Secretary of the Treasury has recently transferred to the Assay Office a bullion fund in coin. Depositors of bullion will therefore receive payment in coins and bars, as soon as the value of their bullion shall have been determined, usually from two to four days from the date of deposit.

GEORGE F. DUNNING, Superintendent.

—The London *Economist* of September 10 thus remarks on the Bank of England statement and the condition of the money and stock markets:—

"Notwithstanding the large amount of gold known to have been taken to the bank during the week, the bullion shows a slight decrease. A diminution has also taken place in the reserve, but not to the extent that might have been anticipated from the rise in the rate of discount. The decline in the other deposits, and increase in the other securities, indicate the renewed pressure for money."

—The directors of the Bank of England raised the rate of discount from 8 to 9 per cent. on the 8th. Although there had been some pressure for money during the earlier part of the week, the announcement of the advance caused some surprise, and was followed by a fall in the Stock Exchange.

Gen. Sherman's Army

THE GREAT EXODUS ORDER.

It Will Not Be Withdrawn.

IT WAS ISSUED FOR PEACE.

Headquarters Military Division of the Mississippi, in the Field, Atlanta, Ga., September 12, 1864.—James M. Calhoun, Mayor, E. E. Rawson, and S. C. Wells, representing City Council of Atlanta.—Gentlemen:—I have your letter of the 11th in the nature of a petition to revoke my orders removing all the inhabitants from Atlanta. I have read it carefully, and give full credit to your statements of the distress that will be occasioned by it, and yet shall not revoke my order, simply because my orders are not designed to meet the humanities of the case, but to prepare for the future struggles in which millions, yea hundreds of millions of good people outside of Atlanta, have a deep interest.

We must have peace, not only at Atlanta, but in all America. To secure this we must stop the war that now desolates our once happy and favored country. To stop war we must defeat the Rebel armies that are arrayed against the laws and Constitution, which all must respect and obey. To defeat these armies we must prepare the way to reach them in their recesses, provided with arms and instruments which enable us to accomplish our purpose.

Now, I know the vindictive nature of our enemy, and that we may have many years of military operations from this quarter, and therefore deem it wise and prudent to prepare in time. The use of Atlanta for warlike purposes is inconsistent with its character as a home for families. There will be no manufactures, commerce, or agriculture here for the maintenance of families, and sooner or later want will compel the inhabitants to go. Why not go now, when all the arrangements are completed for the transfer, instead of waiting till the plunging shot of contending armies will renew the scene of the past month? Of course, I do not apprehend any such thing at this moment, but you do not suppose that this army will be here till the war is over. I cannot discuss this subject with you fairly, because I cannot impart to you what I propose to do, but I assert that my military plans make it necessary for the inhabitants to go away, and I can only renew my offer of services to make their exodus in any direction as easy and comfortable as possible. You cannot qualify war in harsher terms than I will.

War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it; and those who brought war on our country deserve all the curses and maledictions a people can pour out. I know I had no hand in making this war, and I know I will make more sacrifices to-day than any of you to secure peace. But you cannot have peace and a division of our country. If the United States submits to a division now, it will not stop, but will go on till we reap the fate of Mexico, which is eternal war. The United States does and must assert its authority wherever it has power; if it relaxes one bit to pressure it is gone, and I know that such is not the national feeling. This feeling assumes various shapes, but always comes back to that of Union.

Once admit the Union, once more acknowledge the authority of the National Government, and instead of devoting your houses and streets and roads to the dread uses of war, I, and this army, become at once your protectors and supporters, shielding you from danger, let it come from what quarter it may. I know that a few individuals cannot resist a torrent of error and passion such as has swept the South into rebellion; but you can point out, so that we may know those who desire a Government and those who insist on war and its desolation.

You might as well appeal against the thunderstorm as against these terrible hardships of war. They are inevitable, and the only way the people of Atlanta can hope once more to live in peace and quiet at home is to stop this war, which can alone be done by admitting that it began in error and is perpetuated in pride. We don't want your negroes or your horses, or your houses or your lands, or anything you have; but we do want and will have a just obedience to the laws of the United States. That we will have, and if it involves the destruction of your improvements, we cannot help it. You have heretofore read public sentiment in your newspapers, that live by falsehood and excitement, and the quicker you seek for truth in other quarters the better for you.

I repeat, then, that, by the original compact of government, the United States had certain rights in Georgia which have never been relinquished, and never will be; that the South began war by seizing forts, arsenals, mints, custom houses, &c., &c., long before Mr. Lincoln was installed, and before the South had one jot or tittle of provocation. I myself have seen in Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi, hundreds and thousands of women and children fleeing from your armies and desperadoes, hungry, and with bleeding feet. In Memphis, Vicksburg, and Mississippi we fed thousands upon thousands of the families of Rebel soldiers left on our hands, and whom we could not see starve.

Now that war comes home to you, you feel very different; you deprecate its horrors, but did not feel them when you sent carloads of soldiers and ammunition, and moulded shell and shot to carry war into Kentucky and Tennessee, and desolate the homes of hundreds and thousands of good people, who only asked to live in peace at their old homes, and under the Government of their inheritance. But these comparisons are idle. I want peace, and believe it can only be reached through Union and war, and I will ever conduct war purely with a view to perfect and early success.

But, my dear sirs, when that peace does come, you may call on me for anything. Then will I share with you the last cracker, and watch with you to shield your homes and families against danger from every quarter. Now you must go, and take with you the old and feeble; feed and nurse them, and build for them in more quiet places proper habitations to shield them against the weather, until the mad passions of men cool down, and allow the Union and peace once more to settle on your old homes at Atlanta. Yours, in haste, W. T. Sherman, Major-General.

General Howard's Congratulatory Order to the Army of the Tennessee.

Headquarters Department and Army of the Tennessee, East Point, Ga., September 9, 1864.—General Field Orders, No. 16.—It is with pride, gratification, and a sense of Divine favor, that I congratulate this noble army upon the successful termination of the campaign.

Your officers claim for you a wonderful record—for example, a march of four hundred (400) miles, thirteen (13) distinct engagements, four thousand (4000) prisoners, and twenty (20) stands of colors captured, and three thousand (3000) of the enemy's dead buried in your front.

Your movements upon the enemy's flank have been bold and successful; first upon Resaca, second upon Dallas, third upon Kenesaw, fourth upon Nickajack, fifth, via Roswell, upon the Augusta railroad, sixth upon "Ezra Church," to the southwest of Atlanta, and seventh upon Jonesboro and the Macon railroad. Atlanta was evacuated while you were fighting at Jonesboro.

The country may never know with what patience, labor, and exposure you have tugged away at every natural and artificial obstacle that an enterprising and confident enemy could interpose. The terrific battles you have fought may never be realized or credited; still a glad acclaim is already greeting you from the Government and people, in view of the results you have helped to gain, and I believe a sense of the magnitude of the achievements of the last hundred days will not abate, but increase with time and history.

Our rejoicing is tempered, as it always must be, by the soldier's sorrow at the loss of his companions-in-arms. On every hillside, in every valley throughout your long and circuitous route, from Dalton to Jonesboro, you have buried them.

Your trusted and beloved commander fell in your midst; his name, the name of McPherson, carries with it a peculiar feeling of sorrow. I trust the impress of his character is upon you all, to incite you to generous actions and noble deeds.

To mourning friends, and to all disabled in battle, you extend a soldier's sympathy.

My first intimate acquaintance with you dates from the 28th of July. I never beheld fiercer assaults than the enemy then made, and I never saw troops more steady and self-possessed in action than your divisions which were then engaged.

I have learned that for cheerfulness, obedience, rapidity of movement and confidence in battle, the Army of the Tennessee is not to be surpassed, and it shall be my study that your fair record shall continue, and my purpose to assist you to move steadily forward and plant the old flag in every proud city of the Rebellion.

(Signed.) O. O. Howard, Maj.-Gen.

Official: Samuel L. Tagart, Assistant Adjutant-General.

ARMY NEWS—SALUTES FOR THE VICTORY.

Special Despatch to The Evening Telegraph.

Washington, September 24.—Advices from the Army of the Potomac to-day bring no news.

Salutes of a hundred guns were fired this morning from different parts of the District in honor of Sheridan's second victory.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

A Deserter.—A soldier named Thomas McFadden, a volunteer in the 158th New York Regiment, now doing duty in North Carolina, and who recently arrived here on a furlough, was persuaded to enlist in a Camden regiment, and then deserted. He was arrested in this city, while in a drunken condition, by Lieutenant Bowers, of the police. Three persons concerned in his enlistment were also arrested. All the parties have been held for a further hearing by United States Commissioner Sergeant.

Increase of Prices.—The workingmen of New York, following the example of those of our own city, are arousing to a consciousness that "those who would be helped must first be willing to help themselves." Yesterday the petition to the Secretary of War, asking an increase in the prices paid for Government work received some eight hundred signatures.

The Fair at Easton.—Yesterday Mr. J. C. Mitchell sent to Easton a large box, containing the flags, banners, shreds, &c., used in the Horticultural Department of the late Central Fair. These are to be used in decorating the building in which the State Fair of the Agricultural Society will be held on Monday next.

"THE EUREKA OIL COMPANY OF WEST VIRGINIA,"

Capital, $500,000, divided into 100,000 shares at $5 per share. Subscription price $1 50 per share.

This Company own sixty of the most valuable land and leases in the Kanawha Valley, situate on Horse Neck and Campbell's Run branches of Eull creek, and within five miles of the Ohio river.

On Horse Neck the company own one well, which is now pumping twenty-three barrels of oil per day. This well is only three hundred and twenty-seven feet deep. The Superintendent is now preparing to here to the depth of the other wells surrounding us, which are producing from one hundred to one hundred and sixty barrels of oil per day, when we are satisfied we can produce a like amount.

There is another well at Horse Neck, now bored two hundred and sixty-five feet, with about thirty feet of oil in the well. The land on which this well is located is on a perpetual lease. The Bull Creek Company own a one-third interest, our company have the balance of two-thirds. At Campbell's run, the company own in fee a tract of thirty-three acres, considered by geologists and mining engineers the best oil territory in the State. The great Tack well, flowing five hundred barrels, adjoins this property.

Books of subscription are now open at the Company's Office, No. 302 WALNUT Street.

A limited number of shares only will be sold.

JOHN J. KEOMER, Treasurer.

From the "Pittsburg Daily Post" of September 9, 1864.

"Oil Strike.—The 'Wheeling Intelligencer' says:—We learn from a gentleman who arrived yesterday from Pleasant county that on Monday the Burton Oil Company struck a well on Horse Neck, in that county, which will yield a thousand barrels per day. There is great excitement on the subject in this vicinity, and the oil fever is prevailing to a fearful extent."

Married.

KNIGHT—HARMER.—Sept. 3d, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, at the Parsonage of Twelfth Street M. E. Church, No. 1013 Poplar street, Mr. JOHN S. KNIGHT, United States Navy, to Miss SUSAN P. HARMER, both of Germantown.

McCLELLAND—FARIES.—September 23d, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, at the Parsonage of the Twelfth Street M. E. Church, Philadelphia, Mr. CHARLES McCLELLAND, of Wilmington, Del., to Miss SALLIE D. FARIES, of Smyrna, Del.

Died.

BAIRD.—On the 22d inst., JOHN BAIRD, in the 36th year of his age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from his late residence, Paschall street, Hestonville, Twenty-fourth Ward, on Sunday, 25th inst., at 3 o'clock. Interment at Blockley.

CARRITT.—On the 21st inst., CLARA, wife of John E. Carrit, aged 38 years.

The relatives and friends of the family, also Spring Garden Grove, No. 5, and U. C. of B. and S., No. 4, are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her husband, No. 1945 S. Fourth street, on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

DICK.—On the 20th inst., GEORGE DICK, son of Lewis and Catharine Dick, in the 25th year of his age.

His friends and those of the family, and the members of the Minerva Association, are respectfully invited to attend his funeral, from his father's residence, No. 154 Dana (late Duke) street, on Sunday, the 25th inst., at 1 o'clock P. M.

FIX.—On the 19th inst., at the Seminary Hospital, Georgetown, D. C., FRANCIS FIX, Lieutenant of Company B, First Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, in the 26th year of his age.

Relatives and friends of the family, and the members of the Eighteenth, Seventy-fifth and One-hundred-and-fourth Regiments, also the members of the Southwark Hose Company, are respectfully invited to attend his funeral, from his sister's residence, S. W. corner of Fifth and Spruce streets. To proceed to the St. Peter's Cemetery.

FROST.—On September 22d, at Bowling Green, Ky., of disease contracted in camp, Lieutenant GEORGE F. FROST, eldest son of the late John Frost, LL.D., of Company B, One hundred-and-fourth Regiment United States Colored Troops.

Due notice will be given of the funeral. [New York and Boston papers please copy.]

GROVER.—On the 21st inst., ELIZABETH, daughter of William and Mary Grover, in the 21st year of her age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her father, in Darby township, on Sunday, 25th inst., at 2 o'clock.

HAMILTON.—On the 22d inst., Mrs. MARY HAMILTON, aged 85 years.

Her friends are respectfully invited to attend her funeral, from the residence of Mr. John Murrey, No. 1215 Vine street, on Monday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. To proceed to North Laurel Hill.

HANSBROER.—On the 22d inst., Mrs. AMANDA MALVINIA, wife of Thomas E. Hamberger, and daughter of the late Abram and Mary Weckerly.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her husband, No. 1349 Columbia avenue, below Broad, on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock. To proceed to the Odd Fellows' Cemetery.

HELMBOLD.—Suddenly, on the 22d inst., J. FREDERICK HELMBOLD, son of R. Franklin and Elizabeth Helmbold, in the 25th year of his age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully requested to attend his funeral, from the residence of his father-in-law, Robert McClintoe, Fortieth street, above Market, West Philadelphia, on Sunday afternoon, the 25th inst., at 2 o'clock. Funeral to proceed to Odd Fellows' Cemetery.

LIVEZY.—On the 22d inst., Miss SALLIE E. LIVEZY, in the 24th year of her age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her father, Jason C. Livezy, on First-day morning next, at 10 o'clock, Cheltenham, Montgomery county.

OWENS.—On the 23d inst., ELIZABETH OWENS, daughter of Joseph and Margaret Owens, aged 2 years and 10 months.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her parents, No. 919 Cross street, on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Interment at Union Cemetery.

PARKE.—In this city, at the house of Dr. Henry H. Smith, this morning, September 23d, 1864, in the 24th year of his age, Captain FRANK HANNES PARKE, Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, Company B, son of Hon. John F. Parke, of Manchester, near Pittsburg, where his remains will be removed for interment on Sunday at 10 o'clock. He lost an arm while acting in defence of his country, at Reams' Station. Another sacrifice on the altar of his country.

RILE.—On the 23d inst., JOHN H. RILE, aged 46 years.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend his funeral, from his late residence, No. 6 Clive, To-morrow (Sunday) afternoon, at 2 o'clock. To proceed to Monument Cemetery.

SIMMONS.—At 8 o'clock on the morning of Ninth-month, 23d, ANN SIMMONS, in the 86th year of her age.

Funeral from her late residence, No. 933 Vine street, at 2 o'clock on Second-day afternoon. To proceed to Germantown.

SCOTT.—On the 23d inst. JAMES SCOTT, in the 84th year of his age.

Funeral from the residence of his son-in-law William Johnston, No. 1102 Lombard street, on Monday, 26th inst., at 10 o'clock A. M.

SPRAGUE.—On the evening of the 19th inst., at the residence of Mr. Joseph Lovering, Haverhill, Massachusetts, SARAH LEONARD, widow of the late Hon. Joseph E. Sprague, of Boston, aged 71 years.

SOOY.—On the 14th inst., in Sussex county, Delaware, SAMUEL SOOY, in the 82d year of his age.

WALKER.—On Thursday, September 22d, 1864, of disease contracted in the army, WM. FRANKLIN WALKER, of Company H, Pennsylvania Cavalry, in the 18th year of his age.

His relatives and friends are invited to attend his funeral, from the residence of his grandmother, Mrs. Edith N. Sloan, No. 2721 Chestnut street, on Tuesday morning, September 27th, 1864, at 8½ o'clock. To proceed to Pickering, Chester county.

YOUNG.—On the 21st inst. after a long and severe illness, Colonel JESSE YOUNG, aged 65 years.

The relatives and friends of the family, the members of the Western Engine, Good Will Engine, Good Will Hose and Fairmount Steam Fire Engine Companies, also the National Guards and the Democratic Association of the Fifteenth Ward, are invited to attend the funeral, from his late residence, corner of Fifteenth and Girard's roads, on Sunday afternoon, 25th inst., at 2 o'clock. Funeral to proceed to Monument Cemetery.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

WESTMINSTER CHURCH, BROAD and FITZWATER Streets.—Preaching to-morrow by Rev. Dr. IRVINE, at 10½ A. M. and 7 30 P. M.

SPRING GARDEN STREET M. E. Church (corner of Twentieth).—Rev. JAMES SKILL, Pastor, will preach at 10½ o'clock A. M. to-morrow. Subject, "Hagar in the Wilderness."

UNION M. E. CHURCH, FOURTH Street, below Arch.—Sabbath, September 25, Prof. J. W. BARNHART will preach in the morning at 10½ o'clock, and Rev. M. H. PATTISON, in the evening at 7 45 o'clock.

THE GARMENTS OF THE JEWISH HIGH Priest, as illustrating the character and work of Christ, and the privileges of His people. A course of monthly sermons on this subject will be commenced in the CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY to-morrow evening. Service at 7½.

CENTRAL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—Rev. William A. Stearns, D. D., President of Amherst College, will preach at CONCERT HALL, to-morrow, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. The public are cordially invited.

WAGNER FREE INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE, 18th, TENTH Street above COLUMBIA Avenue. Preaching at this Institution to-morrow (SABBATH) afternoon, at 4 o'clock, by Rev. CHARLES A. SMITH, D. D. Seats free. All are invited.

THE FEALTY OF BIGOTRY.—LECTURE on Sabbath Morning and Evening, at 10½ and 7½ o'clock, by Rev. L. L. BRIGGS, Church LOCUST and JUNIPER.

REV. R. FAUROT WILL PREACH TO-MORrow, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M., corner of BROAD and SPRING GARDEN Streets; at 7½, What is true conversion.

OLIVET BAPTIST CHURCH.—PREACHING on Sabbath Morning and Evening, at 10½ and 7½ o'clock, by Rev. L. F. HORNBERGER; his last Sabbath in this city.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

GREAT CENTRAL CLOTHING HOUSE,

WESTERN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SEVENTEENTH and FILBERT Streets.—Rev. Mr. WILLIS will preach on Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M.

MORAVIAN CHURCH, corner FRANKLIN and WOOD Streets.—Service in the morning at 10½ o'clock and in the afternoon at 3½ o'clock, by the pastor, Rev. A. A. REINKE.

NORTH BROAD STREET PRESBYTERIAN Church, Rev. T. J. ADAMS, Pastor, will be opened to-morrow at 10½ o'clock A. M. and 7½ o'clock P. M. Services by the Pastor.

THE FUNERAL SERMON OF THE LATE Deacon Fithian Rowan will be preached in the ELEVENTH BAPTIST CHURCH, on Sabbath Morning, by the Pastor, J. HYATT SMITH.

CHURCH OF THE COVENANT FILBERT Street, above Seventeenth.—Divine service to-morrow (sunday) at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. The rector will (D. V.) preach morning and evening.

CHURCH OF THE MEDIATOR, NINETEENTH and LOMBARD Streets.—The Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS will preach in this Church to-morrow evening. Services will begin at 7½ o'clock.

REV. D. W. BARTINE, D. D., WILL PREACH in Emory M. E. Church, CALLOWHILL Street, above Fifteenth, to-morrow morning, at 10½ o'clock, and Rev. WM. BARNS at 7½ in the evening.

ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH TWENTIETH and CHERRY Sts etc.—To-morrow, being the fourth Sunday in the month, the afternoon service will be omitted. Morning service at 11 o'clock.

MEDIATION OF CHRIST.—THE SEVENtieth of these sermons, by T. H. STOCKTON, at ELEVENTH and WOOD Streets, Sabbath afternoon, 2½ o'clock. Subject:—The Millennium. At 10½ A. M., sermon expected by Rev. Mr. HOFFMAN. All invited.

CALVARY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, LOCUST Street, above Fifteenth will be open for divine service to-morrow morning and evening. Preaching by Rev. WOLCOTT CALKINS, pastor elect, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M.

PULPIT NOTICE.—SALEM M. E. CHURCH, LOMBARD Street, near Broad. Seventy persons to be received into full membership to-morrow morning. Preaching at 10½ A. M., 7½ P. M., by Rev. WM. MAJOR, Pastor.

BROAD STREET M. E. CHURCH.—PREACHing to-morrow, at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. T. H. MILLER, at 3½ sermon to the Cadets of Temperance, by Rev. JOHN THOMPSON, Pastor. Young men especially invited. Family Gathering 7½ P. M.

SWEDENBORGIAN.—REV. D. F. BARRETT AT the new Church Temple, cor. BROAD and BRANDYWINE Streets, to-morrow morning, 10½ o'clock, Subject:—"Our Unseen Spiritual Associates, and the way to detect their real character." Public invited.

PREACHING IN THE CHOCCKSINK M. E. Church to-morrow at 10½ and 7½ o'clock, by Rev. J. SHIELDS. 3 P. M. the Sunday School Anniversary. Addresses by COLLOCK, Revs. J. COOMBE and T. A. FERNLEY will address the meeting. The parents and friends of the cause are invited.

FOURTH REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN Church EIGHTEENTH and FILBERT Streets. A meeting will be held in this Church on next Monday evening, for the purpose of organizing a Singing Class for the study of Sacred Music. To be conducted by Prof. JOHN GOWER.

THEATRE.—REV. B. S. HOFFMAN WILL preach (D. V.) concerning discourses on "Worldly Amusements," on sabbath evenings, in Hall, SIXTH and GIRARD Avenue. To-morrow evening at 7½ o'clock No. 1 "The Theatre." Young ladies and gentlemen cordially invited. All welcome.

SPRING GARDEN HALL, N. W. CORNER of SPRING GARDEN and THIRTEENTH Streets. Meetings of the Church of Christ assembling here are as follows:—At 10½ A.M., for worship in the breaking of bread, showing the Lord's death till He comes;" in prayer and praise, and for teaching and admonishing one another. And at 7½ P. M., for the preaching of the Word, by CHARLES CA MPBELL.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Office of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company.

Philadelphia, September 21, 1864.

HOLDERS of the

GOLD CERTIFICATES OF LOAN,

Who subscribed for

CONVERSION INTO THE

"LONG LOAN,"

on leaving them at

THIS OFFICE,

can have the New Certificates the

NEXT DAY.

Public Benefactress.—Mrs. S A. Allen has justly earned this title, and thousands are this day rejoicing over a fine head of hair produced by her unequalled preparation for restoring, invigorating, and beautifying the Hair. Her World's Hair Restorer quickly cleanses the scalp and arrests the fall; the hair, if grey, is changed to its natural color, giving it the same quality and luxurious quantity as in youth. For ladies and children, whose hair requires frequent dressing, the Zylobalsamum, or World's Hair Dressing, has no equal. No lady's toilet is complete without it. Every Druggist has it for sale.

Bargains in Clothing.

Bargains in Clothing.
Bargains in Clothing.
Bargains in Clothing.

At Granville Stokes' Old Stand,
At Granville Stokes' Old Stand,
At Granville Stokes' Old Stand,
At Granville Stokes' Old Stand.

No. 609 Chesnut street.
No. 609 Chesnut street.
No. 609 Chesnut street.
No. 609 Chesnut street.

Grand Opening of Fall Clothing This Day.

Grand Opening of Fall Clothing This Day.
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Grand Opening of Fall Clothing This Day.
PERRY & CO.'s Extensive Clothing House.
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PERRY & CO.'s Extensive Clothing House.
PERRY & CO.'s Extensive Clothing House.
The largest and best stock of Clothing in the city.
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The largest and best stock of Clothing in the city.
At prices low for the times.
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At prices low for the times.
At prices low for the times.
New styles of Goods and new styles of Garments.
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PERRY & CO., Third and Chesnut streets.
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N. B.—Balance of Summer Clothing selling off at very low prices.

No. 413. Reasons why Dean has

No. 413 CHESNUT STREET,
(Opposite the Custom House.)
DEAN, No. 413 CHESNUT STREET,
Will sell, Wholesale and Retail,
FROM TEN TO FIFTY PER CENT. LESS THAN YOU CAN BUY ELSEWHERE.

DEAN has the Largest and Best Stock in this city of the following listed Goods:—

1. The best Pure-cut Chewing Tobacco.
2. #1 Bundle and Rough-cut-Ready Tobacco.
3. Plain and Sweet Old Virginia Tobacco.
4. Plain and Sweet Cavendish Tobacco.
5. Navy, and Cougar's, and Pure Tobacco.
6. The best stock of Havana Cigars.
7. The best stock of Domestic Cigars.
8. The best stock of Smoking Tobacco.
9. Pipes and Snuffs, &

Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864.

SPIRIT OF THE NEW YORK PRESS.

Leading Editorials from the New York Papers This Morning.

WILL THE WAR RESTORE THE UNION —IS IT A FAILURE?

From the Times.

The black-hearted traitors and the pale-hearted poltroons who combined at Chicago to nominate McClellan and Pendleton, the man who always delayed the war, and the man who always opposed it, had styled the war a failure, and called for its abandonment. Few, if any of these creatures had ever participated in it personally. Not one of them knew anything of what they affirmed save as it was prompted to them in their own coverts, by either the basest motives or the meanest instincts. Precisely so did Judas account Christianity a failure. Precisely so did Benedict Arnold, in his letter which we printed on Monday, declare the Revolutionary War a failure. The evidence is as worthless as its origin is detestable.

There are men of better credit who can testify on this point. They are men who sprang to the combat at the very first call, and have led the old flag through the blaze of half a hundred battles. They are the men, of all others, who should best know the actual strength of the Rebellion, for they have been for three years in mortal grapple with it. They are the men, too, whose estimate of realities is unwarped by either pusillanimity or treachery—who daily peril their lives for their country—whose every drop of blood single contains more of real manhood, more of those elements which spring from the living soul instead of the vile dust, than all the hundreds who gathered to do the work at Chicago. What say these heroes to the Copperhead declaration that the war is a failure, and cannot restore the Union?

Says Lieutenant-General Grant:—

"The end is not far distant, if we will only be true to ourselves. All we want now to insure an early restoration of the Union is a determined unity of sentiment North."

Says Major-General Hooker:—

"This Union must be preserved, and there is no way of preserving it but by the power of our arms—by fighting the conspiracy to death. This Rebellion is tottering while I speak; it is going down, and will soon tumble into ruin."

Says Major-General Meade:—

"Dismissing, as now useless to discuss, all questions as to the origin of this war, we have daily and hourly evidences that it exists, and that it can only be terminated by hard fighting, and by determined efforts to overcome the armed enemies of the Government."

Says Major-General Burnside:—

"Would it not be cowardly for us to say that this Rebellion cannot be crushed, and the authority of the Government sustained? There is in my mind no question of it. There can be no such thing as laying down of arms, or cessation of hostilities, until the entire authority of the Government is acknowledged by every citizen of our country."

Says Major-General Logan:—

"The greatest victory of the Rebels, greater than fifty Manassases, and their only one that can give them a particle of hope, will be to defeat the war party at the incoming campaign."

Says the old veteran, Major-General Wool:—

"Nothing, for aught that I can discover, will save the Union and its Government, but the successes of Grant, Sherman, Farragut, and Sheridan."

Probably there is not a single Major-General in the army, or even Brigadier, in active service, who does not hold these same convictions. Indeed, it may be said that the whole army, as a body, is possessed by an absolute assurance that the only way to deal with this Rebellion is to conquer it, and that this conquest is already nearly accomplished.

It is true that there has been a part of this war which was an absolute failure. It is that part of it which was under the charge of George B. McClellan. It is a striking fact that this General should have held command of the most important department in the seat of war for fourteen months, and not gained from the Rebels during all that time the permanent possession of one foot of soil. At the time when he was deprived of his command, November 5, 1862, he actually had less of Virginia within the loyal lines than when he first assumed command of the department. Norfolk left out of the question, which position was taken and held, not by him but by the navy, there had been a positive retrogression.

This could be said of no other independent commander. General Grant had swept the bulk of the enemy's forces from Kentucky and from Middle Tennessee, and had established himself in Northern Mississippi. General Mitchell had advanced his lines to Huntsville, in Northern Alabama. Generals Curtis and Sigel had whipped the Rebel armies out of Missouri and Western Arkansas. Admiral Farragut had conquered New Orleans, and General Butler had planted the flag through lower Louisiana.

Generals Burnside and Foster had taken every position of importance in Eastern North Carolina, save Wilmington. Admiral Dupont and General T. W. Sherman had effected important lodgments on the coast of South Carolina. Generals Gilmore had reduced Fort Pulaski, the defence of Savannah, and made advances into Florida. Everywhere was progress, save in the department under charge of McClellan.

There, in spite of the unsurpassed fighting by our ever-glorious rank and file, was nothing but a complete failure in everything undertaken. So far as George B. McClellan has had to do with it, and only so far as he has had to do with it, may the war be called a failure. And it is precisely this which makes him a supremely fit nominee of the party which has done, and is still doing, its utmost to make the war an abortion.

It is not strange that the people prefer the testimony of those who have been willing and able to fight, concerning the progress and the promise of the war, to the bare assertions of those who are too false-hearted, or too faint-hearted, to engage in the war or sustain it. The outspoken conviction of one General of the right stuff has infinitely more weight with the loyal people than any possible extent of Copperhead decrying and belying. The war, instead of being a failure, is the most stupendous military success in history; and will, as nothing else could, consolidate he foundations of this Republic so as to fit it to endure for ages.

SHERIDAN.

From the Tribune.

The Rebel army which Sheridan on Monday defeated and sent "whirling through Winchester," he again attacked near Strasburg on Thursday, again defeated, and this time, also, has sent it whirling up the valley, disorganized, beaten to pieces, and only saved by darkness from total destruction. Early made his stand at the strongest point in the Shenandoah valley, and down the road he is now hurled can find no ground to fight on till he comes to the broken country beyond Harrisonburg, by which time he will seemingly have no army to fight with.

If there is any point at which he could even delay the swiftness of Sheridan's pursuit, it would be where the great turnpike, that reaches up the valley, crosses the Shenandoah just above Mount Jackson; but at this moment it is worse than hopeless for him to attempt a stand there. Far more dangerous to him than the victorious army which presses on his rear is the powerful force of cavalry which is turning the flank of his flying army—if such an army can be said to have a flank. At all events, it is capable of being attacked in the rear, and its retreat as an army utterly cut off.

Now, to go back a moment; for the hurry of Sheridan's movements has carried us already beyond his last victory.

The map which we print this morning shows clearly enough the scene of the battle and the resulting positions. Just below Strasburg the north fork of the Shenandoah river bends at a right angle. On the right bank the Massanutten mountains come steeply down to the river's brink. They are wooded and utterly impassable. Early's right flank rested against the river thus protected, the river itself at that point running swift and deep; so that by river and mountain together his flank was perfectly covered. Across the valley, suddenly narrowing and breaking into hills at this point, Early's line of battle was drawn, his left protected by the Little North Mountains, which, like the others, are wooded, difficult of access at all points—in fact, seemingly impassable.

No one who knows this extraordinary position would deem it capable of assault in front, or of being turned; yet it is just this impregnable mountain-guarded avenue to the valley which Sheridan on Thursday, by the most brilliant tactics and by the invincible and ardent gallantry of his troops, stormed in upon, and carried, "driving the enemy," says his despatch, "in the utmost confusion." "The whole army appeared to be broken up," and "only darkness has saved the whole of Early's army from total destruction." That is the language of a General as modest and cautious as he is brave, and means more than all it says. The evident truth is that Early's forces were flying up the valley for their lives. They have an excellent road to travel on, but where will they arrive?

For Sheridan announces that he has sent two divisions of cavalry up the Luray valley, and "if they push on vigorously, the result of to-day will be still more signal." Readers may take to their map again, and note that the Luray valley lies between the Blue Ridge and the South Fork of the Shenandoah. The river is crossed by a bridge on the Luray and Newmarket road, and the undoubted purpose of these two divisions of hurrying cavalry is by that road, and through the Luray Gap in the Massanutten mountains to enter the Shenandoah valley at Newmarket, in the rear of Early's retreat.

They ought to reach that point before any force can be gathered to stand up against them, and they will thus bar the road to that army, destroy its communications, cut off its supplies, and hold it at Newmarket to become the unresisting victim of the eager and victorious force which follows it up the valley. If this cavalry shall do any part of the work assigned to it, there does not seem to be a remaining hope for escape to Early's forces, except in their total dismemberment, and then it is more good for the Rebels.

Our map shows also the roads to Charlottesville and to Lynchburg, and their railway communications with Richmond. The possession of the Shenandoah valley, which is now Sheridan's wholly, and of the Blue Ridge gaps, which cannot be disputed, give him an open road to Lynchburg, and will compel that town to trust to its fortifications, defended by such reinforcements as Lee may be able to spare from in front of Petersburg. How numerous will they be, while Grant is every day threatening to advance towards the Danville road, and how long will it be before Lee shall begin to feel the tightening of the coil about him?

The blows struck at Winchester and at Strasburg re-echo from the defenses of Richmond, and the country begins to see how broad is the strategy which the Lieutenant-General directs, and which Sheridan, with matchless energy, is carrying into effect. The dullest shall ere long comprehend that the war advances with rapid strides, and the most unwilling shall behold the impending blow, and the most hardened traitor, be he in New York or in Richmond, and whether flying the flag of Davis or of McClellan, shall read in this morning's despatches the approaching doom of the Rebellion and the defeat of its Northern allies.

ROBBERY IN STERLING, ILLINOIS.

Forty Thousand Dollars Stolen from the Banking House of W. A. Sanborn.

The most daring and perhaps the largest robbery that ever occurred in this State was committed at Sterling, Whiteside county, Illinois, August 27. The office of W. A. Sanborn, banker, was entered on Saturday night, and forty thousand taken from his safe, about three thousand of which was in gold and silver, seventeen thousand in legal-tender currency, and the balance in United States bonds. The amount on deposit at the time was comparatively small, being about one-fourth of the amount taken, the balance being Mr. Sanborn's private funds, including many valuable papers.

The safe was one of Herring & Co.'s make, and was purchased of them by Mr. Sanborn but a short time since, with the assurance from them that it was one of their best burglar-proof. The safe was opened by driving the point of a pick-axe behind the plate covering the lock, and then, by the use of a "jimmy" and other tools the lock was torn out of the safe. The inside burglar-chest extended the full width of the safe, and was constructed of five thicknesses of alternate steel and iron plates. This, however, offered less resistance than the outside of the safe, as the lock was forced with apparently little effort.

The robbery was committed on Saturday night, and as it was not discovered until Sunday evening, the rascals had a long start of the detectives, who set about ferreting out the matter immediately on its discovery. This seems to be a particularly unfortunate case, as Mr. Sanborn had just completed a fine banking house into which he was about to move in a few days.

It is not improbable that this is the same "gang" that robbed the safe of Messrs Truitt & Jack, Chillicothe, Peoria county, about three weeks since, of $10,000. Theirs was a Duryea & Forsyth safe, with a steel plate chest inside, supposed to be a burglar proof, with a Munger patent lock.

As the best detectives in the West are making up this case, it is to be hoped that this desperate gang may be soon caught and caged.—*Chicago Press, September 5.*

UNITED STATES 7-30 LOAN.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from August 15, 1864, with semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum,—principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible at the option of the holder, at maturity, into six per cent. gold-bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date, as the Government may elect. They will be issued in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1000, and $5000, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars or some multiple of fifty dollars.

As the notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

Parties depositing twenty-five thousand dollars and upwards for these notes at any one time will be allowed a commission of one-quarter of one per cent.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES OF THIS LOAN.

IT IS A NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK, offering a higher rate of interest than any other, and *the best security*. Any savings bank which pays its depositors in United States Notes considers that it is paying in the best circulating medium of the country, and it cannot pay in anything better, for its own assets are either in Government securities or in notes or bonds payable in Government paper.

CONVERTIBLE INTO A SIX PER CENT. 5-20 GOLD BOND.

In addition to the very liberal interest on the notes for three years, this privilege of conversion is now worth about three per cent. per annum, for the current rate for 5-20 Bonds is not less than *nine per cent. premium*, and before the war the premium on six per cent. United States Stocks was over twenty per cent. It will be seen that the actual profit on this loan, at the present market rate, is not less than ten per cent per annum.

ITS EXEMPTION FROM STATE OR MUNICIPAL TAXATION.

But aside from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special Act of Congress *exempts all Bonds and Treasury notes from local taxation*. On the average, this exemption is worth about two per cent. per annum, according to the rate of taxation in various parts of the country.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as those issued by the Government. In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties, or stock companies, or separate communities, only, is pledged for payment, while the whole property of the country is held to secure the discharge of all the obligations of the United States.

SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE RECEIVED by the Treasurer of the United States, at Washington, the several Assistant Treasurers and designated Depositaries, and by the FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF PHILADELPHIA, PA., SECOND NATIONAL BANK OF PHILADELPHIA, PA., THIRD NATIONAL BANK OF PHILADELPHIA, PA., FOURTH NATIONAL BANK OF PHILADELPHIA, PA., By all National Banks which are depositaries of public money; and [9-12]

ALL RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS Throughout the country will give further information and AFFORD EVERY FACILITY TO SUBSCRIBERS.

TEMPLE OF FASHION.

Small Profits. Quick Sales.

HATS AND CAPS. NEWEST STYLES.

Lowest Prices in the city.

BOURNE,

s23-fmw-3m No. 40 N. SIXTH STREET.

READY-MADE CLOTHING

DEAFNESS,

NOISES IN THE HEAD,

CATARRH,

THROAT DISEASES,

ASTHMA,

AND

ALL DISEASES

OF THE

EYE AND EAR,

TREATED BY

DR. VON MOSCHZISKER,

Author of the recently published work,

THE EAR: ITS DISEASES AND THEIR TREATMENT.

OFFICE, No. 1027 WALNUT Street.

EDITORIAL FROM THE EVENING TELEGRAPH.

A SKILFUL PHYSICIAN.—We have occasion from addressing our readers to the kind professional encouragement of Dr. Von Moschzisker, of No. 1027 Walnut street, with the knowledge that a responsible and skilful physician needs no puffs in the public newspapers, and that no newspaper can in any case, upon principle, no matter how successful he may be in the treatment of those classes of diseases which are called specialties, from the superior study required for their cure, by reason of the complication and intricacy of the organs they assail.

We, and Doctor Von Moschzisker at the national capital four years ago, and were personally cognizant of a number of remarkable cures that he effected of cases which had baffled the skill of leading physicians of that city and elsewhere. He enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the then attending corps of them being among his patients. He brought before the Medical Bureau of the Government a number of valuable suggestions on the establishment of our magnificent hospital system, which have been adopted over the entire land, to the amelioration and relief of our gallant soldiers suffering from wounds and disease.

He has written and published a treatise upon "the Ear," which has met with a large demand among the profession, and we learn that it will shortly be followed by an elaborate and exhaustive treatise upon diseases of "the Eye."

He is also the inventor of an apparatus for conveying remedial agents into the interior ducts and passages of the ear, throat, and nose, for the treatment of DEAFNESS, CATARRH, THROAT DISEASES, ASTHMA, which is pronounced by scientific and medical men as destined to work a revolution in the manner of curing these diseases.

This apparatus can hardly be described in the limits of a news paper paragraph, and should be seen to be appreciated.

EDITORIAL FROM THE INQUIRER.

A VALUABLE INVENTION.—A new invention has been made by Dr. VON MOSCHZISKER, of this city. The purpose of this apparatus is to reach the seat of disease with therapeutical agencies in a more direct as well as safe and painless method than has been in use. Its value is in all cases of deafness, catarrh, throat diseases, asthma, bronchitis, and pulmonary affections. The medicines are applied to the seat of the disease by means of medicated atmospheric air, steam vapors, and gases, under the pressure of atmospheric air driven forward so as to reach the parts towards which it is intended to direct them.

TESTIMONIALS.

DR. VON MOSCHZISKER, well aware how often the credulity of the public is imposed upon by the display of so-called testimonials, which are either altogether manufactured or given by irresponsible individuals, feels it his duty to state that he never publishes the certificate of a cure performed by him, the genuineness of which may not instantly be verified by a call at his office, or the reliability of which is not guaranteed beyond a shadow or doubt from the well-known character of his authority.

To the Deaf.—Dr. Von Moschzisker, Aurist, No. 1027 Walnut street, operated most successfully on my ears, restoring me to perfect hearing. I am led from what the physicians called a deadening of the drum of the ear.

WILLIAM CRANE, Builder, Residence, No. 1815 S. Second street.

Philadelphia, August 2, 1864.

PHILADELPHIA, 20th June, 1864.—This is to certify, that for four years I was troubled with an offensive discharge, accompanied with deafness. I have been treated by numerous physicians without receiving any benefit. Some months ago I applied to Dr. Von Moschzisker, who has accomplished a perfect cure.

JOSEPH SHOEMAKER, Of the firm of Shoemaker & Tisdal, Merchants, No. 214 N. Broad street.

Private residence, No. 722 Green street.

Dr. Von Moschzisker has been treating me a short time for deafness. He has certainly succeeded more than beyond all my expectations. D. B. DEACON, Pastor of St. Paul's Church, Henderson, Ky.

Philadelphia, August 15, 1864.

TO THE DEAF.—READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIAL:—

Testimonial from an old, well-known citizen.—For ten years I was totally deaf in my right ear; lately I began to lose the hearing of my left ear. I called on Dr. Von Moschzisker, No. 1027 Walnut street, to consult him on my left ear. After an examination, he stated that I could recover the hearing of both ears which I had scarcely expected to do. I submitted to his treatment, and with much gratification testify that he accomplished what he stated he would do. I can now hear with both ears.

JAMES PICKMAN, No. 324 Chesnut street.

Philadelphia, August 27, 1864.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE BANK OF THE REPUBLIC, NEW YORK.

I have been restored to my hearing by the skill of Dr. Von Moschzisker. G. B. LAMAR.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE GOODHUE INSURANCE COMPANY.

I have been almost totally deaf when I placed myself under Dr. Von Moschzisker's treatment. My hearing is now entirely restored. ROBERT BAGE.

FROM L. GLOVER, ESQ., DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL BANK-NOTE COMPANY.

Dr. Von Moschzisker treated me for a very severe case of deafness, noises in the head, with the utmost success. L. GLOVER.

While on duty on the iron-clad "Montauk," last winter and spring, I contracted a disease of the ear, accompanied by a discharge. I also suffered from a catarrh, my throat having been seriously affected. The deafness so increased that I feared entire loss of hearing. I was advised to apply to Dr. Von Moschzisker, of this city. His treatment proved highly successful. It is but justice to his skill that I should make this acknowledgment, and most cordially recommend his services to all who need them.

F. A. STEVENS, Second Assistant Engineer, U. S. Navy.

FROM COLONEL KILBURN, U. S. A.

I suffered from deafness, caused from an obstruction of the eustachian tube. Dr. Von Moschzisker, in the presence of Dr. Abadie, Surgeon U. S. A., operated on me and in a few weeks removed the cause and restored my hearing.

C. L. KILBURN, U. S. A.

IMPAIRED SIGHT.

FROM THE UNITED STATES ASSESSOR OF THE SECOND DISTRICT PHILADELPHIA.

COL. THOMAS W. SWENEY,

I cheerfully testify that Dr. Von Moschzisker operated most skilfully, and with great success, on the eyes of a lady friend of mine, who, through an accident when a child, had them much injured and deformed. She feared a surgical operation, and very reluctantly submitted to it, although her sight was impaired and she was much disfigured.

Through my persuasion, and that of other of her friends, she consented to have her eyes operated upon by Dr. Von Moschzisker, which resulted in an entire success, so much so that her most intimate friends and acquaintances did not know her. Her eyes are now perfectly straight, and her vision entirely restored.

THOMAS W. SWENEY, No. 1231 CHESNUT Street.

My friend, Walter G. Jones, who has been partially blind for eighteen months, the last four nearly without any sight, has, under the care of Dr. Von Moschzisker, so far recovered that he is now able to walk about without any person to lead him. The improvement in his sight is marked and distinct to all who see him daily.

THOMAS HAIG, Jr., President of Board of Directors of Public Schools, Nineteenth Section.

REV. J. J. MULLEN.

My sight for the last eight months was so impaired that I could not recognize the features of a friend standing before me. By the skilful treatment of Dr. Von Moschzisker my sight is entirely restored.

J. J. MULLEN, Rector of St. Patrick's.

FROM PROFESSOR MONKUR, BALTIMORE.

Under the treatment of Dr. Von Moschzisker, Miss Olivia Wise, a young lady whom I placed under his care, in a case of amaurosis, has perfectly recovered her sight.

JOHN C. S. MONKUR, M. D.

FROM W. H. GOODRICH, CAPTAIN U. S. A.

At Fortress Monroe I became afflicted with a very severe case of ophthalmia, which threatened the loss of my sight. I was urged to come to this city to consult Dr. Von Moschzisker. I am happy to state, under his treatment I have entirely recovered.

W. H. GOODRICH, Quartermaster U. S. A.

Hundreds of other testimonials can be examined at my Office, No. 1027 WALNUT Street, which will give the utmost satisfaction. 9-24

AND FINE TAILORING

EYRE & LANDELL,

FOURTH AND ARCH,

OPEN TO-DAY,

Newest Fall Silks, $12 per yard.

London West End Style, $10.

Paris Style Border Do., $8.

Moire Antique, $7.

Best Black Moire Antique.

First Quality Black Silks.

First Quality Brown Silks.

LADIES ARE INVITED TO SEE THE NEW SILKS.

GOOD STOCK OF EVERYTHING.

ESTABLISHMENT,

EYRE & LANDELL,

FOURTH AND ARCH,

Good Gloves,

Good Hosiery,

Large Shirts,

Fine Hdkfs.,

Best Cravats,

Large Scarfs,

New Goods Daily.

NOTED FOR HANDSOME STYLES,

EYRE & LANDELL,

FOURTH AND ARCH,

Black Goods,

White Goods,

Lace Goods,

Silk Goods,

Cotton Goods,

Woolen Goods,

Shrouding Goods.

EYRE & LANDELL,

FOURTH AND ARCH,

Cater for the best TRADE, and offer no BAITS or deceptions to induce custom, but rely on

FAIR DEALING

AND

GOOD GOODS.

Best Merinoes,

Fashionable Silks,

Nobility Plaids,

Pim's Poplins,

Dark Foulards,

Figured Merinoes,

Plaid Shawls.

EYRE & LANDELL,

FOURTH AND ARCH,

Fine Blankets,

Large Quilts,

Good Flannels,

Stout Muslins,

Best Linens,

Good Gloves Only,

NEW GOODS DAILY.

REASONABLE PRICES,

SILK AND DRY GOODS JOBBERS.

GRAND OPENING

OF THE NEW AND MAGNIFICENT STORE OF

JOHN LOUTEY & CO.,

No. 26 S. EIGHTH STREET,

ON

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.

Where will be found a most beautiful assortment of

DRY GOODS,

CLOAKS AND SHAWLS,

IN THE CITY.

We have just Opened

1000 Pieces SILKS, PLAIN AND FANCY;

500 Pieces MERINOES, PLAIN AND FIGURED;

250 Pieces FRENCH POPLIN, REP AND FIGURED;

200 Pieces WOOL DE LAINE, Double and Single Width, Plain and Figured;

150 Pieces MOHAIR ALPACA, Plain and Figured;

100 Pieces ENGLISH MERINOES,

Also a large Stock of Fancy and Staple

DRESS GOODS.

9-21-1m

CURWEN STODDART & BROTHER,

Have purchased at the large Auction Sales in New York and Philadelphia since the recent heavy

DECLINE IN GOLD,

FRENCH MERINOES, $1·75.

FRENCH MERINOES, $1·85.

FRENCH MERINOES, $2·00.

FRENCH MERINOES, $2·20.

GOOD ALL-WOOL PLAIDS.

CHOICE STYLES

RICH PLAID POPLINS,

SOLID COLORS POPLINS,

SOLID COLORS MOUSSELINE DE LAINES,

RICH BLACK SILKS,

AND

From the auction sale of

Messrs. H. SCHMIEDER & SON'S Fabrics,

10,000 YARDS

SAXONY WOVEN DRESS GOODS,

COMPRISING THE BEST STYLES OF

ALL-WOOL PLAID CASIMERE,

ALL-WOOL FILLING TOIL DU NORD,

ALL-WOOL FILLING SCOTCH PLAID CHALLY,

ALL-WOOL FILLING TARTAN PLAID CHALLY,

SATIN-GROUND LASTING, splendid colors,

SATIN-GROUND LASTING, Scotch patterns,

STRIPED CREPE RAYE,

SCOTCH PLAID LLAMAS,

BEAUTIFUL UNION CHECKS,

BEAUTIFUL FANCY CHECKS.

Prices of the above range from 65 cents, upwards, and the stock comprises the best and most varied assortment we ever offered.

Manchester Mousseline De Laines at 50 Cts.

CURWEN STODDART & BROTHER,

Nos. 450, 452, and 454 N. SECOND STREET

9-22-3t Above Willow.

FALL, 1864. STOCK NOW IN STORE. FALL, 1864.

EDMUND YARD & CO.,

Nos. 617 Chesnut and 614 Jayne Streets.

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF

SILKS AND FANCY DRY GOODS, SHAWLS, LINENS, AND WHITE GOODS.

LARGE AND HANDSOME STOCK OF DRESS GOODS.

FULL LINE OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

BALMORALS,

INCLUDING a220-2m

BRUNER'S AND OTHER MAKES.

1024 CHESNUT STREET.

EMBROIDERIES,

LACES,

WHITE GOODS,

VEILS,

HANDKERCHIEFS.

E. M. NEEDLES.

1024 CHESNUT STREET.

1024 CHESNUT STREET. 1024 CHESNUT STREET.

RUN NO RISKS!!—

We refund the money, if desired, for every lot of Shirts which fail in any respect.

FINE SHIRTS,

CUT LENGTHWISE OF MUSLIN.

Made of New York Mills Muslin, and very fine Linen Bosoms. Only $1·75. Usual price $6·00.

Williamsville Mills Muslin and fine Linen Bosoms, Only $4·50. Usual price $5·50.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

SMITH & JACOBS,

m19-6m No. 1220 CHESNUT Street.

M. A. JONES

CELEBRATED

NE PLUS ULTRA SKIRTS!!

EVERY SKIRT WARRANTED AND KEPT IN ORDER SIX MONTHS, FREE OF CHARGE,

SOLD ONLY AT

No 17 N. EIGHTH STREET,

(Over Partridge's Trimming Store.)

NONE GENUINE UNLESS OUR NAME AND NUMBER IS STAMPED UPON THE WAISTBAND.

EXTRA LENGTH SKIRTS, and with any size waist, made to order at the shortest notice.

OLD SKIRTS MADE OVER AND REPAIRED, Equal to New.

MISSES AND CHILDREN'S SKIRTS, of all sizes and styles, constantly on hand. 9-21-1m

REASONABLE PRICES,

CLOAK AND MANTILLA Manufactory, and Shawl Emporium,

N. W. Corner ARCH and TENTH STREETS,

PHILADELPHIA.

S. WELSH & CO.,

Where you can see a Splendid Assortment of the CHOICEST NOVELTIES,

Where you can get the best Manufactured Garments, and where you can procure the GENUINE WATER-PROOF CLOAKS, At the LOWEST PRICES.

Ladies will find it to their interest to purchase their Cloaks and Shawls at this Establishment.

9-20-1ath-2m S. WELSH & CO.

628 HOOP SKIRTS Manufactory, No. 628 ARCH Street, Above Sixth street, Philadelphia. 628

Wholesale and Retail.

The most complete assortment of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts in the city, in every respect first-class, which for style, finish, durability, and cheapness, have no equal in the market.

Skirts made to order, altered, and repaired.

jel-1y WM. T. HOPKINS.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

HALL OF THE UNION LEAGUE,

CHESNUT STREET, ABOVE TWELFTH.

CAPTAIN COLHOUN,

A returned Libby prisoner, and several other distinguished speakers, will address the public

THIS EVENING,

AT 8 O'CLOCK,

AT THE HALL OF THE UNION LEAGUE. It

THE UNION LEAGUE HALL,

CHESNUT STREET,

ABOVE TWELFTH.

THIS HALL WILL BE OPEN

THIS EVENING

AND

SATURDAY EVENING,

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

Several distinguished speakers will be present and address the public on the ISSUES OF THE PRESENT CAMPAIGN. 9-23-2t

LINCOLN AND JOHNSON.

UNION CAMPAIGN CLUB.

ORDER No. 1.

The Club will assemble for parade on

SATURDAY EVENING, 24th Inst.,

AT 7 O'CLOCK,

AT HEADQUARTERS,

LIBRARY STREET, BELOW FIFTH.

Lanterns and Transparencies will be provided for all the members.

The Chief Marshal has appointed the following Special Aids:—

WM. H. KERN,
JERE. NICHOLS,
HENRY BUMM,
JOHN G. BUTLER,
GEORGE F. THORN,
WILLIAM MILLWARD,
JOHN M. RILEY,

and the following aids:—

BENJ. H. BROWN,
THOMPSON REYNOLDS,
JAS. McMANES,
ROBT. T. GILL,
FRED. M. ADAMS,
THOMAS DICKSON,
RICHARD M. BATTURS,
HENRY McINTYRE,
JOHN GIVEN,
GEO. W. HACKER,
WM. B. R. SELBY,
LYTLE J. HURST,
WM. ANDRESS,

And twenty-six Assistant Marshals, who will take position in the procession in the following order:—

1. JOSEPH BAILEY,
2. GEO. W. SCHAFFER,
3. A. I. FLOMERFELT,
4. BENJAMIN ALLEN,
5. A. WILSON HENSLEY,
6. W. H. BARNES,
7. WILLIAM ELLIOTT,
8. FRANK JOHNSON,
9. THOS. H. ANROCKER,
10. HENRY C. HOWELL,
11. ABEL LUKENS,
12. NATHAN SPERING,
13. ALEX. M. FOX,
14. ALBERT C. ROBERTS,
15. FREDERICK WOLBERT,
16. ANDREW WRIGHT,
17. HENRY A. B. BROWN,
18. CHARLES H. CRAMP,
19. GEORGE DEHAVEN,
20. GEORGE W. FORD,
21. GEORGE A. SMITH,
22. E. T. CHASE,
23. GEORGE HART,
24. THOMAS S. ELLIS,
25. BARTON H. JENKS,
26. THOMAS DALLAS.

The members of the People's Campaign Club of 1860 are invited to join this organization, and all true and loyal citizens who are determined to sustain and preserve the Government from the assaults of open and covert traitors, are requested to join in our ranks, and march with us to victory.

WILLIAM B. MANN, CHIEF MARSHAL.

9-21

TO THE UNION CITIZENS OF THE EIGHTH WARD.

All loyal citizens of the Eighth Ward favorable to the election of

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND ANDREW JOHNSON,

Opposed to a disgraceful armistice, and in favor of sustaining our brave soldiers in their efforts to crush this Rebellion and restore the Union, are earnestly requested to meet in council at

HORTICULTURAL HALL,

BROAD AND WALNUT,

On MONDAY EVENING, 26th Inst.,

AT HALF-PAST 7 O'CLOCK.

Early friends of a free and liberal Government, and slow to traitors that the Eighth Ward is still true to her ancient record.

Let all come who can. Business of great importance to be transacted.

The meeting will be addressed by the following distinguished gentlemen:—

MORTON McMICHAEL, Esq.,
HON. CHARLES GILPIN,
JOSEPH SHIPPEN, Esq.,
JOSEPH G. ROSENGARTEN, Esq.,
BENJAMIN BREWSTER, Esq.,
WILLIAM H. RAWLE, Esq.,
JOSEPH T. THOMAS, Esq.,
HON. CHARLES O'NEILL,
DANIEL DOUGHERTY, Esq.,
CHARLES GIBBONS, Esq.,

By order of the Ward Executive Committee.

ALEXANDER P. COLESBERRY, Secretary.

9-23-3t

REPUBLICAN INVINCIBLES

WILL MEET AT

SANSOM STREET HALL,

THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, at 7 o'clock,

FOR PARADE.

Members having old equipments will bring them. Those desiring new ones will call at the Hall at 4 P. M. As but a portion of the new equipments are completed, badges have been provided to supply the deficiency. The Marshal's orders will be found below.

GEORGE INMAN RICHE, President.

WM. L. FOX, Jr., Secretary.

HEADQUARTERS REPUBLICAN INVINCIBLES SANSOM STREET HALL, PHILADELPHIA, September 24, 1864.

ORDER No. 1.

I. The Club will assemble THIS (Saturday) EVENING, at 7 o'clock.

II. The line will be formed on Sansom street, the right resting on Sixth street.

III. The following named gentlemen are appointed Aids to the Marshal:—

JOHN S. WEIMER,
A. W. LYMAN,
S. S. WHITE,
JOHN D. GROVER,
CHARLES ELLIS.

And the following named gentlemen will act as Assistant Marshals:—

Alex. M. Walkinshaw,	W. O. Gillingham,
Geo. Tiemon, Jr.,	Wm. McMichael,
Jesse Harrett,	J. A. Owens,
Wm. H. Weimer,	Thos. A. Anderton,
H. B. Dick,	Samuel Roberts,
J. W. Meredith,	H. B. Hellings,
W. H. Weber,	Wm. Lukens,
Jos. B. Paist,	Benj. Swain,
J. M. Fox,	J. Snowden,
Dr. Jos. Truman,	G. S. Odom.
J. W. Bowley,	

IV. Aids and Assistant Marshals will appear in dark clothes and felt hats. Badges will be furnished upon application to the Chief Marshal.

By order of CHARLES W. SMITH, Chief Marshal.

It

RALLY, UNION MEN, FOURTEENTH WARD!—The members of the National Union Party of the Fourteenth Ward are requested to meet at Hopkins' Hotel, LIBRARY Street, below Fifth Street, this (Saturday) Evening, at 7 o'clock, to participate in the Grand Torch-light Demonstration. Lanterns and flambeaux furnished. By order of the Executive Committee of the Fourteenth Ward. JOSEPH G. RITTENHOUSE, Attest:— Chairman.

JOHN A. McDOWELL, Secretary.

OFFICE OF THE CITY BOUNTY Fund Commission, No. 419 PRUNE Street, September 23, 1864.—The Draft having been postponed for a few days, to give the Wards which are still deficient a final opportunity to fill their quotas by volunteering, this can be accomplished by a vigorous and united effort on the part of the citizens of those Wards. All who are liable to draft should bear in mind that no bounties national or local are paid to drafted men or to their substitutes. The City Bounty, however, will be continued to Volunteers as long as they are credited upon the quota of the City under the present call. By order of the Commission.

ROBERT M. MOORE, Secretary.

9-24-3t

TREASURER'S OFFICE.—THE Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad Company,

PHILADELPHIA, September 21, 1864.

The Board of Directors have this day declared a dividend of THREE PER CENT., in cash, on the capital stock of this company, and have directed the creation of NEW STOCK to the amount of ten per cent., to be distributed pro rata to the holders of the stock, on the 1st day of October next, to represent the capital heretofore expended in building the Bridge over the Susquehanna river, and the double track, clear of Government tax.

ALFRED HORNER, Treasurer.

9-24-stuth-2w

EIGHTH WARD BOUNTY FUND.

PHILADELPHIA, September 23, 1864.

The Treasurer of the Eighth Ward Bounty Fund acknowledges the receipt of the following subscriptions:—

John T. Lewis & Brother	$100 00
Joseph Harrison, Jr.	200 00
Thomas Sparks	100 00
J. E. Kingsley & Co.	100
R. C. Ridgway	100
G. P. Smith	100
C. H. Hutchinson	100
John A. McAllister	
Henry J. Williams	
By L. L. Hodge	
Wm. Henry Rawle	
Theodore Frothingham	
H. B. Fry	
Cash	
Cash	
Mahlon Kirkbride	
Henry C. Carey	
A. Leiby	
Henry Frothingham	
Thomas Brown	
Townsend Whelen	
S. A. Mercer	
Edward Browning	
Morton P. Henry	
Richard C. McMurtrie	
W. M. Baird	
W. Furness	
Joseph Roberts	
John Hall	
J. T. Willis	
Wm. Allen	
Cash	
Cash	1 00

The subscribers to the Ward Bounty Fund are informed that the quota of the Ward has been filled by means of their contributions. The funds of the Ward are, however, now exhausted, and to keep faith with the soldiers (re-enlisted veterans and volunteers under the recent call) who have credited themselves to the Eighth Ward, it is imperative upon the citizens of the Ward who have not subscribed to avoid the present draft to collect money and to send it with their own subscriptions to the Treasurer.

The subscribers to the Ward Fund have been largely from that class of the residents of the Ward who are not liable to the draft, and in many cases they have given without solicitation, and very generously. It is not likely that the citizens of the Ward who are liable to the draft, and who are relieved without any effort of their own, will knowingly remain under such an obligation to their neighbors.

It is the plain duty of the enrolled citizens of the Eighth Ward (unless they are content to be provided by the charity of those who are interested in securing volunteers for the Ward only as a matter of duty to the country and to the cause) to raise money enough to pay every man who may be enlisted to the credit of the Ward.

By order of the Executive Committee.

J. G. ROSENGARTEN, Treasurer.

UNITED STATES CHRISTIAN COMmission.

CASH AC

Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864.

THE VOLUNTEER'S VISION.

BY MISS H. C. BOOTH.

Last night as I lay in the rain,
And looked up to heaven through the night,
A vision came o'er me, and lighted my brain
With a glory that never will flood it again
This side of the River of Light.

And I heard a sweet sound as it came,
Like the flutter of feathery wings,
And the voice of a seraph kept calling my name,
And her breath in my tresses went playing the same
As the air in an instrument's strings.

I told my wild heart to be still,
That the vision was naught but a dream,
For I knew not that over the amethyst hill
The feet of my darling had wandered as will
On the banks of Eternity's stream.

I said to the seraph-winged bird,
O, why have you come from the West?
And she told how the leaves of the forest were stirred
By the feet of the angels who brought her the word
Of a land where the weary may rest.

She said she was tired and faint,
And her heart was all covered with snow;
The angels they heard her unuttered complaint,
They called her, and brought her the roses of a saint,
And she said she was ready to go.

I told her the blossoms were sweet
In the meadows the same as of yore,
But she showed me the dew on her sparkling feet
They had caught of the lilies that bordered the street
By the sands of the Paradise shore.

I asked her how long I must wait
Before I should meet her afar,
And I prayed her unfold me the book of my fate,
But she vanished, and passed through the crystalline gate
She had left in her coming ajar.

Dear Hugh, there's a battle to-day,
And perchance I may happen to fall;
If I'm not at the call of the roll, you may say
A good-bye to the boys in my name, for I may
Have said "aye" to an angel's call.

MES LIBERALES.

A NOVEL IN THE FRENCH STYLE.

BY AUGUSTUS WATTS.

I.

On the first day of May, 1860, a man walks rapidly down the Rue Rivoli.

Other men are walking rapidly in the same street on the same day. This man cannot be distinguished from the rest. He turns a corner and is lost to view.

At this point, this corner, this mysterious starting place of a dim future, he vanishes from our story. God bless him!

II.

In the Faubourg St. Germain, which is not far from the Faubourg St. Antoine, there are several churches. One is enough. Our story forces us to enter it. It is empty. Let us go out again.

III.

The man who vanished has reappeared. You know such things do happen. He enters the church. He crosses himself with holy water. He puts three sous in the box for the poor which hangs against the wall. He kneels upon a hard footstool and moves uneasily in his prayers.

A lady enters, puts down a cushion, and, kneeling upon it, remains motionless. Cushions are better than footstools.

Who is the man? You and I know him. He is an escaped convert, and his name is Jacques Mont Jacques.

Who is the lady? She is the Contesse de Tristrac, and her income is a million livres.

But for the interposition of a wise Providence she might have been a convert, and the Contesse de T. Who knows? Such is life. A relative of the author of this book was a Contesse, and became a convert.

IV.

Jacques Mont Jacques raises his head and looks around. At this moment he is terrible. He approaches the kneeling lady, who kindly bends him not. He pauses. He admires the effect of the light from a stained window upon her bending head and shoulders.

He draws a deep sigh, and casting a look of devilish despair at the crucifix over the altar, he takes from the lady's reticule six silver plates, and darts out of the church. That man is to be pitied. He is on the point of becoming a good man.

She calls after him. He has forgotten the candlesticks. He accepts them from her white hand with a low bow, and promises to do better in future. Also, that he will wear mourning for the lady when she dies.

V.

Just round the corner from the church he meets a sweep. The sweep's name is Jetty Pervay. Jacques Mont Jacques pitches forty sous with the sweep, and wins them all. The sweep has no more sous, and cries. He will soon stop crying and starve, that is all. Cry and starve, or else laugh and grow fat—such is life. It is the fault of society.

VI.

Capital punishment is of no use whatever. It deforms its victims without reforming them. The writer of this story and all his relatives are down on the guillotine, ever since it came so near being down on him. If the guillotine had its dues, it would take away nearly all the characters in this romance. It would behead society. Therefore, *a bas la guillotine!*

A good bishop whom the author once knew, and who was nervous, also disliked the guillotine. It is disliked by several good men and all bad ones. The bishop I speak of used to turn away his head when he passed it. Worse men than he have approached nearer, and lost their heads altogether. This is a terrible idea.

VII.

A beautiful woman, with no hair, and two front teeth gone, is unfortunately engaged in a street fight. Her name, since she took to drinking, is Canteen. She has a child, which is christened Euphorbia, and she calls it Pizen, for short. Such is the wondrous etymology of mothers, baffling all the philologians! I knew a good old lady whose grandson's name was William, and she called him Bill!

The fate of little Pizen, who was put out to board half-way between Paris and the street fight of which we have spoken, is related in the last chapters of the second story of this series, after the description of the battle of Bunker Hill, and a few pages on the Art of War as played out by the Young Napoleon.

All the young Napoleons are humbugs. Alsons!

VIII.

Jacques Mont Jacques, having sold the silver plates and set up a store in Maiden Lane, in the town of No-Sur-No, is now called Father Maidenlane. He is acknowledged, even by the *bon ton*, to be a benefactor, and worth half a million. He wears mourning for the Countess of Tristrac. So he who rescues Canteen, knocking down B. Jabers, Superintendent of Police. He takes her to the hospital, where he owns ten beds, and puts her into one of them.

She is going to die. The Sisters of Charity are all ready, but Mons. Maidenlane has an engagement to attend Court, and the death-bed is postponed for several chapters. This is nothing strange. Everybody would postpone a death-bed if he were able. The author of this story is also,

IX.

Mons. Maidenlane never went to Court before since he was first converted. He feels nervous. He whips the livery horse until patience on the part of the horse undergoes a transformation. It ceases to be a virtue. What it becomes is of little consequence; for it disappears altogether. The horse kicks the buggy. The buggy is broken. It is impossible for Mons. Maidenlane to proceed. He proceeds.

He reaches the Court-room just in time. He gazes on the prisoner at the bar. He sees it is not himself, and experiences untold agonies.

The prisoner at the bar is in a bad fix. Mons. Maidenlane rises from his seat and interrupts the proceedings. During that awful moment his hair turns white. At this point, the crowded Court-room is pervaded with a shudder.

He says—"N'not that man, but 'nother man!" The people, the populace, quick to twig, twig. The Imperial Attorney recognizing the phrase of the Immortal Toodles thinks Mons. Maidenlane to be mad, or something quite as disreputable.

In a distinct, quiet, firm voice, never to be forgotten, and in several ways remarkable, Mons. Maidenlane continued:—

"My name is not Norval. It is Jacques Mont Jacques. If you dont believe it, look at your blue-checked suspenders."

At this moment he was more than great. He was grand.

X.

Fair Canteen waited his coming, and died soon after he arrived. Death is a most remarkable situation. But *que voulez-vous faire?* Such is life.

B. Jabers, Superintendent of Police, enters. He is more than terrible, he is sublimely terrible, he is symbolic. He is surrounded by infinite depths. He personates awful dignities.

Jacques Mont Jacques hits him with a bedpost. He sees stars.

"Now I will go with you," says Jacques Mont Jacques.

XI.

Being possessed of herculean strength, he has escaped from prison and come back to his own room, frightening the chambermaid. He finds Sister Sang Froid. She is sad; the perusal of a story by the author of this one has made her, not a nun, but a woman. At this moment she is positively transfigured, and her eyes are red.

B. Jabers comes up the stairs talking loudly. The escaped convert goes behind the door. The Sister kneels in front of him. The Superintendent opens the door, sees the Sister, and asks:—"Are you alone?"

XII.

Sister Sang Froid never told a lie in her life. To-day, she lies. She says:—"I am alone, upon my word and honor; may I hope to drop dead this blessed minute if I ain't." It is the opinion of the author that this remark, although a lie, was more than innocent. It was first-class angelic.

XIII.

That night Jacques Mont Jacques silently and forever left No-Sur-No, carrying a portmanteau, in which were half a million francs, two candlesticks, and a piece of cheese.

Let no one fear for his life. It is the author's intention to keep him alive for four volumes more. These volumes will also contain the battle of Bunker Hill, the entire Revolutionary War, and a great deal about sewers, which is pleasant reading.

XIV.

It may be asked what connection the title of this work bears to its contents. None whatever.

A NOBLE WORKING MAN OF OLDEN TIMES.

One May morning, in the year 1539, the inhabitants of the little French town of Saintes were both astonished and angry to see that a poor family had come to reside among them. They would have rejoiced to see a well-to-do household come, but they had no welcome to give to these poor people.

On inquiry, the neighbors learned that the head of the family was a painter on glass, called familiarly Bernard. As he was a very quiet, industrious man, the fears that his family would be a charge on the town gradually subsided.

But there was something that they did not understand. The man was always kneading clay and baking it, and making various experiments in trying to glaze it. Why should he neglect his regular trade, and injure his wife and family by all this fruitless trouble, which never seemed to end in his making anything worth looking at? But the silent Bernard was not a man that could be much interfered with. He was very sober, a keeper at home when others were at the wine-house of an evening. So the neighbors were content to call him an unsocial fellow, and began to give him wide distrust, if not dislike.

How soon do prejudices springs up in the mind, and how hard are its efforts! If these suspicious neighbors had been less hasty in judging Bernard, they would have found that he was a man to whom a great idea had come; and that he could not rest until he had worked it out. This Bernard was very religious, and his religion showed itself in his being in earnest in all that he did. He believed that God was honored by every faculty being dedicated to Him; and full of the belief that it was God's appointment that he should labor at his experiments, he continued to work on, unmoved by the jeers of some of his neighbors and the censures of others.

There were, however, some who pleaded with him that it was difficult to resist. These were his wife and children, who, after they saw that the husband and father had failed in many of his attempts, implored him to give up his plans, whatever they were, and return to the pursuits that would provide for the wants of the household. In vain Bernard told them that if he succeeded in making what he was attempting that he should confer a great boon on the world, and, by God's blessing, would enrich them; they mourned over his fruitless toils as the delusions of a madman.

At length when, in order to heat his furnace, Bernard actually tore down the fence of his garden, and also ripped up the flooring for fuel, there was an outcry that the experimentalist was insane.

Just as their patience was quite exhausted, and they were ready to rush out and bring in those who would carry the head of the house to some place of restraint, Bernard uttered a cry of joy, for he brought out of his furnace an enamelled cup of a kind of pottery until then unknown. This was the work he had been toiling to achieve, and now success crowned his efforts.

Directly the rumor of this discovery was made known the neighbors saw at once its importance, and spread the tidings far and near. The king (Henry III. of France) sent for the ingenious workman, and having assured himself of the great value of the discovery, gave him a patent, and put him at the head of an establishment called the Royal Rustic Pottery, and the inventor became known as Bernard Palissy, of the Tuileries.*

The prejudices of his neighbors and the poverty of his family now all passed away. By his useful invention of enamelled pottery, he was the means of giving employment to hundreds, and increasing the conveniences of domestic life. For all the articles in use in the home, none are more conducive to cleanliness and comfort than good, useful pottery. In the possession of this, we English people surpass the world, thanks to our Wedgewoods, Spodes, and Copelands, Mintons, and others. But in the times we speak of, Bernard Palissy was the inventor and benefactor who first gave to modern Europe specimens of improved pottery.

But it was not permitted to this earnest man to enjoy in quietude the results of his long career of toil. When he was old and lonely he had to bear his testimony to the faith that he professed. It was a time of terrible religious persecution, and the aged potter was shut up in the Bastile. The king, who professed both to admire and like the ingenious workman, visited him in prison; and finding that he could not alter Palissy's opinion, he said, as he was about to take leave of him:—

"That he was afraid he should be obliged to leave Palissy in the hands of his enemies."

The old man replied to the monarch:—

"You have said repeatedly, sire, that you pity me. But I sincerely pity you. Be obliged—that is no royal expression; I will teach you a kingly language. Nor you, nor all your people shall oblige me to deny my faith. No, I will die first."

Surely among the honorable class of workers this man deserves to be had in grateful remembrance.—*British Workman.*

* The well-known name of the Chief Royal Palace in Paris, is taken from Tile-works.

DELICATE MEASUREMENTS.

We often read of delicate admeasuring, so minute as to be surprising, and the question at once presents itself, by what means such extraordinary precision can be sustained as will, for instance, give us the hundredth part of a second? On this subject we find some curious methods and apparatus described in an important professional work, entitled "Traite des Mecanismes," by M. Haton de la Goupillere. The description is substantially as follows:—

Suppose it were required to measure the exact time of the descent of the hammer of a gun-lock on the nipple; the motion is so rapid that the most delicate stop-watch is at fault. A needle might be fixed to the hammer, so as in descending to mark a curve on a blackened metal plate; but still the time would be an unknown quantity. It may, however, be measured by means of a tuning fork, also provided with a marking needle; then while the former one marks the curve described by the hammer, the second needle will mark the vibrations of the fork; and as we know that they are isochronous, each of the small sinuosities thus obtained on the blackened plate will represent a fraction of time, and show how many such fractions elapsed before the fall of the hammer. To give an idea of the degree of precision which may be attained by this process, let us suppose the normal French tuning-fork, which will perform 800 vibrations in a second; then the duration of each vibration will be 1-800th of a second; and as the greatest error that can be committed cannot exceed half a vibration, the measurement will be exact to 1-1600 of a second. A similar apparatus has been employed in counting the vibrations of a piece of ordnance.

In this case the needle is made to mark a curve on a cylinder, and in order to avoid the confusion resulting from the needle passing twice over the same ground, the cylinder is made to advance while it turns, so as to move like a screw. When such an operation is applied to the pulsations of the heart, as it is called a sphymograph. The strokes are communicated by means of air-tubes to a very elastic membrane, and thence to a system of levers bearing needles, which trace the corresponding curve on a turning cylinder. This contrivance was invented by Vierodt.

—The second edition of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" is announced in London. The number called for on this occasion by the trade will not be far short of fifteen thousand copies. Messrs. Simpkin & Co. take one thousand six hundred; Longman, eight hundred; Mr. Mudie, two hundred; The Library Company, one hundred; and many of the London booksellers one hundred copies each.

FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

Month after month I wandered up and down the streets of London from morning to night, avoiding no place, however infamous, where there was a chance of finding the man of whom I was in search. My quest was interrupted for a time by a letter from my sister, summoning me home. My father was very ill; and no hope was held out of his recovery. When all was over, the medical man suggested that I might be more successful in finding my cousin's murderer if I went on the Continent. I thought he was right. I went to Paris, thence to Baden, and through all the German watering-places. From Berlin I went to Vienna, and from that city to Venice, having been drawn to the latter place by a paragraph in a newspaper stating that the city was thronged with foreigners.

I was always well supplied with letters of introduction to persons in every place I visited. The first I presented on the morning after my arrival in Venice was to Count Frasini, who, before we parted, gave me an invitation to a ball to come off in the evening. The Count occupied a palace facing the square of St. Mark, a very large building, which on this evening was crowded with visitors. I had seated myself on a balcony outside the ball-room, from whence I could see all who approached the Countess to pay their respects. I dare say it was close upon midnight when I saw two gentlemen making their way towards the spot where the Countess was seated conversing with the young Archduke Maximilian and the commander of the Austrian troops.

The taller of the two bent his head so frequently that I was unable to get a distinct view of his face; but the partial glimpse I got of it from time to time convinced me that I had at last found the man I had been so long seeking. I re-entered the room; but just as I did so he seemed to think it would be hopeless to attempt to reach the Countess, for he turned suddenly to the right, passed through a doorway, and disappeared. Little as I heeded who I thrust aside in crossing the room, it took me so long to make my way through the crowd of visitors that when I reached the staircase the man of whom I was in pursuit had reached the street. I rushed down the stairs, and found that they led me to a small door, which likewise opened into the square; but it was not that by which I had entered, which was at some distance, and surrounded by servants and boatmen. I looked eagerly about me for a clue, uncertain which way to pursue, when suddenly I saw a bright flash at the further corner of the square, as though somebody was lighting a cigar. The distance between us was so great that I could only imagine it to be the man I was seeking.

Nevertheless, I rushed across the square as fast as I could run towards him. I overtook him as he was leaning over a bridge which crossed one of the canals, looking down at the water. I seized him by the arm with my left hand, and with my right I grasped a handful of his clothes. I could not speak for the moment, so great was my excitement; and just as I was about to raise my voice for help I felt a sharp pain, and a descent through the air, followed by a sensation of extreme cold. After this I was half conscious of a cry than an assassin was in the water, and then I seemed to fall asleep.

A long sleep it must have been, for it was five weeks afterwards before I knew that I had been thrown into a canal, from whence I had been taken by some boatmen who were close to me with their gondolas where I had fallen. As soon as I had recovered my strength sufficiently to move about my room (for the wound I had received was more painful than dangerous) I was told that I must consider myself in custody, the boatmen who gave me over to the police officials having told them that I was attempting to commit a robbery on a gentleman when his two servants seized me, and in the scuffle wounded me, and I jumped into the canal.

I sent for Count Frasini, and told him of what had happened. He soon settled the matter with the police; but, although I showed him the portrait of the guest, he was unable to identify the original, 'which,' said he, 'is not surprising, considering the number of strangers who are here, and that any of my friends are privileged to bring as many of their friends to our parties as they choose, without the ceremony of an introduction.

I did not lose courage even under this disappointment; on the contrary, the conviction that I must one day discover the murderer grew stronger than ever. The first use I made of my renewed strength was to resume my search in Venice, but to no purpose; and when all hope of finding him here was gone I traveled to Rome. At this city I found an accumulation of letters from my sister. They spoke of the satisfactory way in which the bailiff, who had served my father for many years, managed the estate, of a great many matters of less importance, and urged me strongly to return home. The strongest motive she had for desiring my return she said very little about; nor did I, in my then state of mind, feel greatly interested in it.

She wanted to consult me respecting an offer of marriage she had received from Fanny's brother, who had returned to England and become reconciled to his aunt. I answered her letter, telling her, that if she liked to accept him as her husband, I could have no reason for objecting to him; that she had better act in the way most agreeable to her inclinations, subject to her aunt's approval, and that I would endeavor to reach England in time to be present at her wedding. Having written thus, I dismissed the matter from my mind, and continued my wanderings. I shall not weary you by specifying any more of the cities I visited. I heard that my sister was married, and was very happy; and in utter weariness and almost despair of succeeding in again meeting with Fanny's murderer, I resolved to come back here a short time.

I left London, and on reaching the station where my journey ended, I told the porter to put my luggage in a safe place till I should send for it. I had not taken the trouble to write to my sister to say on what day I should come, so, as I was not expected, I walked across to the old oak tree beneath which the body had been found. I sat here buried in thought for a long time, and, soon after turning into the lane on my way to the house, I met a woodman with whom I had spent many days in felling trees. He was so anxious that I should go to his cottage to see his wife, who had been nursemaid in our family when I was a child, that I walked with him there. I stayed there some time, listening to what they had to say of changes about the estate, and of persons I had once known, but whose names I had then almost forgotten. On leaving them I found it was so late that I pushed my way through a hedge to get to the house by a shorter way than by following the carriage road. By going this way I had to pass through a wood; and directly I stepped out from beneath the trees, I saw, crossing the field, about a stone's throw distant from me, a man carrying a gun.

I stepped out quickly to overtake him. The land had been newly ploughed, so that he did not seem to hear my steps till I was close to him, when he turned round, and we stood face to face. The sun was going down, and he had to bend his head a little to look at me, because of the rays which shone directly into his eyes. My heart for an instant ceased to beat. There before me—his face inclined exactly as it was in the photograph—stood the murderer I had been seeking for so many years. He, no doubt, recognized me, for he looked as inanimate as though he had been suddenly turned to stone. As soon as the shock had passed, I rushed at him, and seized him with both hands. "Murderer!" I said, "you do not escape as at Venice!" He offered no resistance at first, and I looked around to see if there was anybody near to send to the police-station to bid three constables come and fetch him away. He may have understood why I withdrew my eyes from him; for he recovered his strength instantaneously and seized me by the throat. He was far stronger than I, and I felt myself tossed hither and thither; but I clung to him notwithstanding. I tried, as I wrestled with him, to throw him; but I could get no foothold on uneven ground, and it was he who succeeded in forcing me backwards to the earth. Still, I held him; but he could now press my throat with full force, and it was I now who had to struggle to save my own life. My head seemed to be swelling to a monstrus size, and this was the last thing I remember.

I lay in field all that night. In the morning I was seen by the man who came to finish the ploughing, and he, with the help of the keepers, carried me home. I was quite unable to move, but I had a dreamlike consciousness of what was being done. By the time I was laid on the bed, I had recovered so far as to be able to speak, and the first words I spoke was an order to a man to ride as hard as he could go to the police station and bring back with him the superintendent.

My sister came to my bedside as the man left the room. We were always strongly attached to each other; but I was surprised to see her so agitated by, so I supposed, the attack made on me. Her eyes were red and swollen, and she looked so worn and pale that I feared she was ill. After answering her questions with respect to myself, I said:—

"You were with our aunt when I made those photographs of poor Fanny's murderer, and have never seen one, have you? I thought not," I continued; "but if you open the pocket-book which is in the breast-pocket of my coat you will see it."

She opened it, took out the portrait, and, looking at it, said:—"This is not it. This is my husband's portrait. Where did you get it?"

"Your husband! Fanny's brother!—her murderer!" I stammered. The truth flashed upon our minds at the same instant.

For several hours she remained totally insensible, and when at last she became conscious, she talked incoherently, and has not since recovered the use of her reason.

I was thankful, when I was told that the superintendent had arrived, that I had not had time or opportunity to mention to anybody but my sister the cause of my being found insensible. Leaving it to be inferred that it was due to sudden illness, I gave the superintendent to understand that I had sent for him to direct a search after my brother-in-law, who had not been seen since the preceding evening. After he had made inquiries among the servants he came back to tell me that he would send over a constable to follow up the matter. As he was leaving the room, I said, carelessly:—

"Have you still got the portrait I gave you several years ago?"

"No," he replied. "I kept it about two years; but it had then faded almost entirely away, and then I threw it into the fire."

I made him no answer; but I was thankful that the copy I had given him had been less durable than my own.

It was found that my sister's husband had gone to London; and that is the last I heard concerning him.

Do I think he was his sister's murderer? you ask. Is it possible to doubt it? I have no hesitation whatever in saying that in all cases where death occurs in broad daylight, and especially when it is caused by similar means, the last object on which the eye rests will be found depicted on the retina after death, and from Darkness may be brought into Light.

"TELL IT AS YOU HEARD IT."

Every one has heard the story of the "Three Black Crows," and every one cannot resist the temptation of again telling it. A man said to his neighbor that a common acquaintance of theirs had been recently very sick, and had, *mirabile dictu*, vomited three black crows. He to whom this story was narrated being of a skeptical turn, and possibly imagining that the teller of the story was a little of a humorist, and disposed to embellish somewhat, asked for the authority on which the truth rested of the strange statement.

Having got the name of the informant, and resolving to investigate the matter, he found, in the first stage of his inquiry, that the story, as told to him, was inaccurate only in one little particular. There were not three, but two black crows. Following the clue, and determined to get to the bottom, he found to his astonishment and relief, that the two became one, and that poor crow was changed into something as black as a crow merely; burnt toast, it might be—a bit of indigestible swine's flesh, or some stewed prunes. The terrible tale, when stripped of the lies that had gathered around it in its travels, was found to be a small affair—a very ordinary occurrence.

Not long ago we happened to hear a friend cautioning his son against receiving as accurate the reports that were in circulation respecting certain matters, and urging him to habits of strict attention and inquiry. Among other judicious observations, our friend expressed his conviction that, apart altogether from men's wish to deceive, which must be taken into consideration and allowed for, there was not one man in twenty who could give an accurate account of what he heard; and consequently facts were, and could not but be, distorted as the narration of them traveled from one to another.

The youth, who was fresh from his first session at college, and was besides naturally self-reliant, thought his father's opinion reflected severely and unjustly on human nature. To test the soundness of the opinion, and to afford a little diversion, it was resolved to make an experiment, and in a few days afterwards a favorable opportunity presented itself. Our friend had invited twenty of his acquaintances to his house, to spend an evening with him, suggested that one of them should write a few sentences, narrating an incident, and should read these sentences slowly in the hearing of two of the company, whose business it should be to write from recollection the story they had just listened to. Each of these two was then directed to read his version in private to other two, and so on till all the company had been gone over—a result which was accomplished in half an hour.

The original statement was then read aloud in the presence of all the friends—who had been put on their honor to do their best in the matter, and who were, moreover, persons of more than average education—and then the various versions in the order of descent, or departure from that original. The reading excited not a little surprise, and humiliation, and fun. The story, as it had been originally given, was as follows,—and it may be observed, by the way, the writer said it was entirely a fable:—

"In an inn at Lockerbie, in 1825, a woman murdered her husband, by poisoning him with an infusion of foxglove. The evidence, though entirely circumstantial, was deemed sufficient, and the jury, by a majority, convicted her. She was executed in Dumfries, and her body given to the surgeons of the town for dissection." When the accounts given by those who first heard this story were examined, it was discovered that neither of the two had related the circumstances that the woman was convicted by the verdict of a majority, and that Dumfries was the place of execution.

Of course, these being lost at the commencement, were not found in any of the manuscripts. The subsequent reports showed some curious deviations, and furnished very amusing evidence of the relative intelligence, acuteness of hearing, &c., on the part of the writers. Thus, at "Lockerbie" was changed into "near Lockerbie;" the circumstantial nature of the evidence was given by some as the reason of the conviction—the "though" of the original being altered into "because." In the manuscript of one whose powers of hearing had apparently not been very acute, the words "poisoning by foxglove" were changed into "passing by a fox-glove," and the story was thereby made absolutely unintelligible.

The last and most material change was in an account in the final series, which actually represented the husband as killing his wife, instead of being killed by her. There were other important changes in some; as, for example, 1825 was made 1845 in several, an "infusion" was in one case changed into a "decoction." The last version read thus:—"In an inn near Lockerbie, in 1845, a man murdered a woman, by poisoning her with foxglove. The evidence, being circumstantial, was sufficient, and he was convicted and executed, and his body given for dissection."

Another trial was afterwards made, the original this time being as follows:—"A parochial schoolmaster, called Æneas Mackintosh, in the county of Midlothian, claimed, about thirty years ago, to be the author of the famous ode on the death of Sir John Moore, at Corunna. The fraud was discovered, and the poor man was rendered an object of general and deserved contempt." The changes which this story underwent were as curious as those of the other.

The circumstance that said Æneas was a "parochial schoolmaster" soon got lost, then "Mackintosh" was changed into "McIntyre," by some one who, attracted for the moment by the Trojan pronomen, had not had sufficient attention ready to lay hold precisely of the Celtic patronymic; "Midlothian" turned up as East Lothian, West Lothian, and Linlithgow; "thirty" years were diminished gradually to ten, and a few more cautious used the word "some" indefinitely. In several manuscripts the ode on Sir John Moore's death was changed into a life—a biography—of the gallant soldier, and that which had in thought diverged most widely from the original, ran thus—"A schoolmaster, called Æneas Mackintosh, in East Lothian, ten years ago, wrote a life of Sir John Moore. The author was discovered, and he became the object of great contempt."

Our excellent friend took occasion, from the experiments, to give us some wholesome instruction and counsel. "You may see," he said, "how great need there is for close attention to the statements of a speaker, if you are to derive any real advantage from them. When you read, you have the opportunity of going over more than once what is especially important or deficient in precision, but it is different when you are listening to oral communications. Ministers and professors often say that a large part of their labor in lecturing does not prove of much direct benefit, and we can easily believe it.

"And if hearers should be careful to acquire habits of fixed thought, concentrated attention, it is also needful for those who teach orally to be distinct in their enunciation, precise and simple in their language. If they are incorrectly reasoned, they may be more blameworthy themselves than any one else. In reporting what we have heard, we should be very cautious, and there is much room for the exercise of charity. Many say what is not true; but it is their ears, their understandings, rather than their hearts, that are at fault. We should try to cure them; but it is not to be done by lecturing against lying. When men are called to judge of the accuracy of reports, to weigh evidence in cases of slander, how necessary is it to exercise a nice discrimination, and how natural seem the rise and progress of various readings in the manuscripts of the Sacred Scriptures, and the Greek and Roman classics!

"Possibly, also, the innumerable religious legends that have acquired currency in all countries and ages may, to some extent, be the result of a process, voluntary and involuntary, of retouching, transforming, or magnifying narratives originally founded on fact." These remarks furnished material for a most interesting and improving conversation, and we left our friend's house with the conviction that there were ways of spending a social evening which were a hundred times more pleasant and profitable than toddy-drinking.—*Scottish League Journal.*

—The Academie du Gard have just offered a prize of a gold medal, value three hundred francs, for the best essay on the subject of "Le Canal Saint Louis et le Port de Bas Rhin."

—The Naples Society for the Promotion of Science, Literature, and Art, some time ago offered a prize for a good drama, which has now been awarded to Alfredo Murgini, for an historical drama, entitled *I Fromsetti a Firenze.*

MRS. M. G. BROWN'S

GREAT METAPHYSICAL DISCOVERY

FOR DEAFNESS,

NOISES IN THE HEAD,

DISCHARGES FROM THE EAR,

CATARRH,

NEURALGIA,

RHEUMATISM,

ASTHMA,

SCROFULA,

BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS,

THROAT DIFFICULTIES,

Diseased Eyes, Loss of Hair, Dyspepsia, Enlargement of the Liver, Diseases of the Kidneys, Constipation, Gravel, Piles, Insanity, Fits, Paralysis, Rush of Blood to the Head,

CONSUMPTION,

With all and every disease which infests the human body, cured effectually by

MRS. M. G. BROWN'S

METAPHYSICAL DISCOVERY.

PRICE $5.

OFFICES—No. 610 ARCH Street, Philadelphia; No. 16 BOND Street, New York; and at No. 18 PEMBERTON Square, Boston.

No boring with instruments.
No blowing in the ears.
No stuffing up the nostrils or introducing wires.
No pouring medicines down the throat.

The METAPHYSICAL DISCOVERY will reach every case that drugs and instruments will reach, and thousands of places besides.

Truth is mighty and must prevail; error is impregnated with death—consequently must sooner or later sink into oblivion.

In all the universe there is nothing so completely swallowed up in error as the facts, forces, and motives connected with the physical and mental constitution of the race.

This sad state of things is the result of ignorance and blindness on the part of those who profess to administer health and life to the people, while, in fact, the majority ignore God from the science altogether, and Psychology, their existence in metaphysics, and can never be understood apart from the same.

There are men who make a business of treating "scrofula," and use powerful drugs and instruments, too barbarous to think of, with which to experiment on poor silly victims, who have strength, neither physically nor mentally, to endure such *death dealing experiments.*

He who understands the human mind, or speaks of it as a mighty whole, and the man must be a knave or fool who would attempt to divide the system into sections, and treat any disease specifically, independent of the parts or influences that are operating upon the whole, or to isolate certain effects, but know nothing of the cause, whatever. Thus the world is nothing less than a vast hospital.

The alarming condition of the people physically, especially the rising generation, has long been a source of pain to find into life, together with our sad experience in having been bereaved of dear friends, who have passed into untimely graves by being operated on.

These considerations, with many others which might be mentioned, are an irresistible stimulus to the people to demand of every man who has the life and health of themselves and their loved ones in his hands, and is continually exercising the functions of a physician, to prove to know the name of nature or, I say under these circumstances the people have a right to demand of every such physician to furnish them with a chart of his character, that they may know whether he is capable of conducting their physical education, or whether the people should be compelled to have it long up in his office at all hours. It is only through this channel that the public can have any safety or guarantee for what is most dear to life and health. Is there any other way to put in the hands of a man more qualified for a blacksmith than a pig's foot?

It is by way inherent qualifications, which are independent in a physician, are sure to be detected and exhibited. Were this universally done, thousands would leave the profession when nature never qualified them for. If nature qualifies no there can be no suitable qualification, as in every case of cure, the patient is made healthy and in the supremely necessary to inherit Casualty. Metaphysical Power and Constructiveness must also be inherited by all who would be successful in finding an antidote capable of acting on the cause of disease, or in the channel by which the causes can be reached with certainty but the one I have described.

Therefore I say with confidence to the world, that it is through the Metaphysical combination of character that I have been enabled to detect the first cause of disease. The cause is not, as many suppose it to be a disease; it is an inherited law between soul and body, which the Apostle Paul to the Romans, chapter vii. verse 23, calls a law. This law sends forth its stoppages, these stoppages produce disease in diversified forms, and if disease is experimented on or tampered with it takes a firmer grip of the constitution and incorporates in the other parts of the system of the system, thus destroying the whole machinery of the human body.

Remember, the Stomach and the Liver have nothing to do with the cause of the disease. The first and last of these organs, for the cause, has sent millions to an untimely grave.

With confidence I say to the world that my Metaphysical Discovery is the only remedy ever offered to the world which will thoroughly annihilate the root of disease. The discovery consists of three distinct preparations; one for the scalp, one for the eyes, and one for the ears. These work in conjunction, and assist the other parts of all people. When I say all, I mean every disease that ever infested the human body.

A LADY IN THE LAST STAGE OF CONSUMPTION CURED.

From the Boston Journal.

JULY 27, 1861.—I, Mrs. Nancy Sloan, of No. 85 Warren street, Charlestown, do certify that I have been afflicted for ten years. My right side was so paralyzed that I could not lie on it. During that time I suffered from catarrh, sore throat; would cough from one to two hours at a time; was troubled with salt rheum, and had a running sore in my right ear. I had a lame fever two years since, which reduced me to a skeleton. I had all the medical advice and medicines money could procure, but all to no purpose. I was cast off by physicians as incurable. I was induced by a friend to call on Mrs. M. G. Brown's Metaphysical Discovery, who was sent for. It was applied according to direction. I felt no better, but rather worse for some time.

My friends wished me to give up, saying it would kill me; that I was too far gone and too weak to try anything more. But my mother said I would die if I did not find relief in the Discovery; and as it was the last trial to cure me she persuaded me to persevere. We soon found that the circulation which was rushing into my system which was taking effect. As the circulation kept increasing my disease began to break up. It was six weeks after I began to apply the Discovery before I could gather strength to go into Boston to see Mrs. M. G. Brown, and then I had to have help. The second time I ventured I went without help, and the third time I found my way without any difficulty. I regularly attended the Metaphysical Discovery in May, and the result is on this 27th of July, that health and strength is fast returning to my emaciated frame.

My paralyzed side is restored to vigor; I can now rest on it; catarrh is nearly gone; sore throat is gone; my nervousness, and sore throat are gone. I sleep well. All my irregularities have disappeared, and I must acknowledge that, by the providence of God, I was directed to the use of Mrs. M. G. Brown's Discovery, by which I have been taken from the mouth of the grave and restored to my family and friends. I know my diseases are gone, and a general circulation has taken place, but expect it will take time to regain my lost flesh and strength.

REMARKABLE CURE OF DEAFNESS OF TWENTY YEARS' STANDING.

I, John A. Newcomb, of Quincy, do certify that I have been entirely deaf in my left ear for twenty years, and for the past six years my right ear has been so deaf that I could not hear conversation or public speaking of any kind. I could not hear the bell for public worship while I was sitting in the church. I have also been troubled for a number of years with a very sore throat, so that I was obliged to give up singing in church, for I had lost my voice. I had also a pain in my breast, and a bad cough, almost to weariness. My head felt numb and stupid, and was a source of constant trouble to me.

I tried every remedy that could be thought of. I went to Dr. Child, and he could do me no good. I thought my case would have nothing to do with them. About one month since I obtained Mrs. M. G. Brown's Metaphysical Discovery, and used it according to the directions on the bottles. And the result is that the hearing of both ears is perfectly restored, so that I can hear as well as any man. The great trouble in my head is entirely gone. My head feels perfectly easy and at rest. My throat, which was so diseased, is entirely well. I can sing as much as I please again. I would not take one thousand dollars for the benefit I have received in the use of Mrs. Brown's Metaphysical Discovery.

REMARKABLE CURE OF DISCHARGES FROM THE EAR, DISEASED EYES, AND LOSS OF INTELLECT.

PHILADELPHIA, September 7, 1864.—I, Henry Marville, Jefferson street (near Mr. Brownell's coal yard), Germantown, do certify that my son Joshua took brain fever and catarrh on the brain, which left him with discharges from the ear and diseased eyes. The discharges never ceased. His ears became quite large and unnatural, covered with scab. The pillows had to be changed during the night, so saturated were they with the discharges; it would be impossible to describe the condition of his eyes. My family physician said he would go blind. His intellect also became impaired, that he could not go or play with children. He took no notice of anything around him. None but the parent can tell what our sufferings were to look on our child in this condition.

About three months since, one year ago, I saw Mrs. M. G. Brown's "Metaphysical Discovery" advertised in the *Ledger*. I went to the Office, 610 Arch street, and procured the medicine. We were applied it faithfully and persevered. Sometimes we had cause to fear at the beginning, but still we persevered, and the result is that our son is entirely cured of his diseases. His intellect seems to have awakened out of the sleep of death. His countenance is bright and intelligent now. The discharges from his ears have entirely ceased, and his ears have become small and natural. His eyes are clear and strong. My wife and myself are well satisfied with the great cure performed on our child by Mrs. M. G. Brown's Metaphysical Discovery, and most heartily commend it to all we know of.

Mrs. M. G. Brown's Celebrated Poor Richard's Eye Water, 25 per bottle; small size 25 cents. Scalp Renovator, $1 per bottle.

A REMARKABLE CURE OF BLINDNESS.

CANTERBURY, C. W., July 24, 1861.—Mrs. M. G. Brown:—Dear Madam:—I have been quite blind in my right eye for seven years. I have been to several doctors, whom I have found nothing but pretenders, and they never done me any good. I spent large sums of money in traveling to where I heard there were doctors who could cement me, but none of them could do me any good. I thought my case hopeless, but I was induced to call at your office, and I am happy to say I can see as well as ever I could with my right eye. I am very thankful for my discovery.

I remain yours, truly,

JOHN BELEY.

The Celebrated Poor Richard's Eye Water, $1; small size, 25 cents.

No. 610 ARCH Street.

Scalp Renovator, $1.

No. 610 ARCH Street.

PROPOSALS.

ARMY SUPPLIES.

HEADQUARTERS

Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864.

TWO COMRADES IN ARMS.

For the California.

Comrade! I hear the beating of a drum,
ave reinforcements come?"
There is no sound save a lost whippoorwill
rying from yonder hill."

Comrade! I see a spacious mansion stand.
ilt by my grandsire's hand."
No honored ancestry have left a stone
hat I may call my own."

Beside its hearth my gentle lady warms
o sweet child in her arms."
No tender wife upon her loving breast
ulls babe of mine to rest!"

See! how her bright hair falls in golden showers,
wined with autumnal flowers."
No waving hair, by fragrant flowerets pressed,
as my rough hand caressed."

Do what enchanted wings the swift time flies
harm " by those heavenly eyes."
How dreary and how long the sad hours seem!
las! I cannot dream."

Again I hear the beating of a drum:
omrade, has the foe come?"
Yea, great foe—or friend—as all must meet
Who never knows defeat."

* * * * * * *

n the battle-ground, at the break of day,
wo lifeless soldiers lay:
ne face looked pitiful with yearning pain,
s one who prays in vain;

he other wore a look divinely blest,
nd, from his puseless breast,
he picture of a lady and a child
ooked up to him and smiled.

THE LIEUTENANT'S REVENGE.

A True Story.

For the Evening Telegraph.

After I got the second wound, through my ankles, I crawled down to the edge of the river, nder the bluff, and looked out for a chance to et over. But it was impossible. One of the est swimmers we had tried it, but after swimming some distance he came back and reported he current too strong. I knew then that escape y swimming was out of the question for me, ith both ankles shot through and a bullet hrough my shoulder, so I lay quiet until it was ll over. At length the Rebels began creeping round, looking for such as were hidden under he river bank, and one of them, a powerful fellow, one of the largest men I ever saw, with a ge black beard, came up to where I lay and ordered me to get up. I told him I was badly art in the ankles and could not walk.

The brute gave me three prods with his bayonet in the back, ordering me to rise at each stab. could not, and he finally gave it up, and I was aken away. I swore never to forget that man. ow I hated that man no one can realize who as not been in a similar position. Oh! it seemed o devilish to cowardly stab me with his bayonet hen I could not rise. I swore to be revenged ever that man came into my power. Well, it as a long time afterwards. I had been exchanged, and had got well enough to be on duty gain, when one day I was ordered to conduct ome Rebel prisoners to Fort Delaware.

Judge how my heart leaped when I recognized my tyrant, himself a prisoner, but unhurt, and coming up as large as ever. He was changed in nothing, save that his clothes were the worse for wear, and he had the downcast air that always comes over a brave man when he finds himself in his enemies' hands. I looked him full in the eye, with much the same feeling, I imagine, with which a cat watches a captive mouse. I felt all the cruelty of his act to me, and in my heart of hearts I vowed that he should never reach Fort Delaware alive. I left the others to the care of the sergeant and the men; I took this man in charge myself. I would not leave him out of my sight a moment. He did not betray the slightest recollection of me, and I began to think that he did not recognize me at all.

I had fully made up my mind to kill him, and after the boat started I walked aft to think how I should do it. In the meantime he lay down on the deck and went to sleep. I had resolved to tell him who I was, and then blow his brains out, topple him over into the river, and lay his death on his having attempted to escape; for I knew that our Government would not have allowed me to shoot him merely from revenge for his cruelty to me. But when I came to him, and saw him asleep, I hesitated. He looked sad and careworn; all the proud, defiant look was gone. He seemed so helpless and miserable that I could not do it then.

Then I sat down in the dark, and began to think. "Poor devil," I thought, "he has been led away by those in whom he has been brought up to trust all his life. He may have a wife and children." I thought of my own. Well, after a long debate between me and the devil, I made up my mind that I would treat him as he ought to have treated me. If he has any heart at all, it may be the means of saving some Union soldiers from bad treatment. I knew he was hungry, so I woke him up. He slightly started when I woke him, but in a moment he was as cool as ever.

I took him to the side of the boat, and looking him full in the face, with my hand on my revolver, I said, "Don't you know me?" Not a muscle moved as he answered that he did not. "Don't you belong to the —— Mississippi?" "Yes." "You were at Ball's Bluff?" "Yes." "And you don't know me?" "No." "Well," said I, "come and get some supper." I got him the best I could, gave him a good drink of whisky, and turned him over at the fort with as large a share of the small sum in my pocket as I could conveniently spare. Well, I bade him good night, and promised to see him in the morning.

I thought he looked queer as I went up to him next morning and held out my hand. He took it, and burst into tears. It ain't a pleasant thing to see a man like that cry, and I felt affected myself. "Well," said I, "do you know me now?" "Yes," he answered, "and I knew you the moment I saw you, but I feared you would revenge yourself on me as I deserved. And, indeed," he continued, "you have revenged yourself, and bitterly too, but I give you my word as a man and a soldier that you have done your side no injury. So help me God, if ever a Federal falls into my hands again, I will try to repay to him the kindness you have shown to me. Good-bye, and may God bless you, and keep you out of our hands again! Good-bye." I shook his hand, and we parted.

I have never seen or heard of him since, but I felt that I had fully revenged myself on him; don't you think so?—I told the noble, gallant fellow that his act was one that any man living might be proud of, and that I honored him more for what he had done than if he had revenged himself by killing all the Rebels in our prisons. And I could not but feel a glow of pride to know that I too wore the uniform of the army in which such men served. Of such men as Lieutenant —— our country may well be proud. And surely such acts as his must have a good effect on the minds of those who have been led into this wicked Rebellion by the traitors who have so long blinded the people of the South.

This is no fancy sketch. I have detailed it almost word for word, in all essential points, just as it was told me by the Lieutenant himself, as we rode side by side in the cars on our way to perform the duty for which we had been detailed. I only wish I could give it the life with which it was told, and make it affect my readers as much as it affected me. Z. Z.

The Bagpipes.

The bagpipe is almost universal throughout Asia, though at present not so much in use as it seems to have been in former ages. The earliest evidence which we have of its existence in Asia is a representation dating before the Christian era. This curious relic, to which I shall afterwards recur, was discovered in the ruins of Tarsus, Cilicia. A Hindoo bagpipe, called *titty*, brought from Coimbatoor, may be seen in the East India Museum, London; and a drawing of a similar instrument is given in Sonnerat's "Voyage aux Indes Orientales," where it is called *tourti*. Mr. Hill found the bagpipe in the hands of Chinese musicians in Malmatchin, the famous trading-place on the border of Mongolia. Sir Wm. Ousseley met with it in Persia, where it is called *nei-anbanah* (from *nei*, a reed or pipe, and *ambanah*, a bag), and where "it also appears to have been more general in former ages than at present." The same may be said of the Egyptian bagpipe, *zoummarah*, which is now of but rare occurrence. In a bas-relief of the sixth century of the Christian era, representing a Persian concert, one of the musicians plays upon a bagpipe. Moreover, we know that the Romans were acquainted with this instrument, and most likely the Greeks also. There may be some reason for supposing that it was likewise known to the Assyrians, if we remember that most commentators on Hebrew music are of opinion that it was one of the Hebrew wind instruments mentioned in Holy Writ. Among the instruments of the ancient Egyptians it has, however, not hitherto appeared.

—An India telegram states that Sir Charles Trevelyan recommends the introduction of the sovereign into that country as a legal tender for ten rupees.

THE CHIVALRIC DAYS.

In the old feudal times, which it pleases many of our more imaginative young people to believe were as far superior to these days of modern degeneracy as real heroes are superior to carpet knights, one or two little points of morality, which we are accustomed to think rather seriously of, were on a very unsatisfactory footing. Not the least unsatisfactory of them all was the condition of women in those grim baronial halls, where romances and pre-Raphaelites would have us believe they passed their time in the perpetual reception of incense going up from the knights and warriors assembled, and were held in the same high honor as now.

We could not make a greater mistake. In those old feudal times, when wives were divorced without scruple or offense, handed about from baron to baron, as a man would now hand over his hunter or his racer—for a consideration—marriage had neither sanctity nor surety; it was mere personal possession and legalized brutality; when mothers were regarded only as the appointed nourishers of their sons, like any other form of lacteal creature, maternity had no holiness and brought with it no respect; when maidens were the prey of the strongest and the prize of the most daring, wooed, won, and cast off without love, without regard, and without regret, maiden honor was a fable, and virgin modesty a dream; while as for love, what there was of it in woman's nature grew only round her own heart in sorrowful dreams and pensive longings for an impossible ideal; not a hint of it went to that hairy brute who drank and gamed and swore and fought in the hall, and held his lady in her bower as no better, and not so pleasant, as his "gentle tapet" on its perch, or his horse within its stall. No: the womanhood of the feudal times sat in darkness and humiliation, possessed, and despised; and it was from this degraded condition, with all its savage instincts and traditions, that chivalry came, like a new Perseus, to rescue the helpless Andromeda of the human world.

Chivalry gave women the two things denied in their feudal marriage—respect and love; it gave them poetry and purity in place of passion and possession, and allowed them their choice of a knight—the friend who was to defend them, honor, celebrate, and love—as some consolation against the husband who held them like any other of his baronial fiefs and chattels, and with as little regard.

The civilized custom of the adoption of a knight, or friend freely chosen and publicly maintained, who was to be all and to do all that his lady desired or demanded, was, as a recent writer justly says, the moral protest of women against the humiliation of their legal condition. Very solemn was that choice, hallowed by the most sacred forms used in the holiest ceremonies of the times, and blessed by priest or bishop as a contract binding on their souls, and of heavenly value in their lives. Never lightly dealt with, nor losing itself in dishonoring familiarity or the stain of sense, it was a woman's badge of loving purity, and her first attempt to set herself on an equality with man.

Her knight devoted himself to redress her wrongs, as he devoted himself to redress the wrongs of all the oppressed—consecrated to that office by the Church, which preached celibacy as one of the gateways to heaven, and granted the San Graal only to the pure in heart and the chaste in life; and it would have been impossible, according to the morality of the times, that his love should have any unseemly meaning or culmination. The most solemn, as well as the most passionate pledge of that love, was the kiss the lady gave him, when, kneeling before her, his hands clasped between hers, he devoted himself to her service for life, and the priest and court around blessed the union, and bore witness to its celebration. Then giving him a ring as the sign of their everlasting union, the lady raised him with that one holy kiss, which was the last and dearest and highest consecration of their love. So thoroughly spiritualized was the knightly union of friend and lady that a woman was assumed to have lost her lover if by chance she married him; for it was impossible, according to the ideas of the times, that the knight and the husband, the lover and the possessor, should be one and the same person.

Wherefore the lady who married her knight, but who had promised another aspirant that if ever she changed her friend she would take him in his stead, was held by Eleanor de Guienne, presiding over the Cours d'Amour, to be bound by her promise, seeing that she had lost her knight when she became his wife—an anecdote sufficiently expressive of the spirit of those chivalric unions, and the sharp line drawn between marriage and love.

There were four degrees or stages in the progress of this knightly love. When desirous of pleasing, but afraid to speak and paying only mute court, the knight was then a hesitant; when encouraged so far as to humbly express his feelings otherwise than by dumb show, he was a priant; when retained as a knight, and given a sitken cord, gloves, or a sash to wear—her colors, in fact—he was then an *acoute*, a knight who had the right to maintain the supremacy of his lady's charms against all comers and wear her favors in his helmet; but if after this she pledged her love to him, and gave him a kiss, then he was her *durtz* or *ami*, her friend, dearer to her than any other human being, for whom was reserved all the ineffable love of her soul, all the gracious tenderness of her heart and fancy.

This was the boon which fair and fruitful Provence gave to the women of the Middle Ages, the effects of which were felt at the furthest corner of the then civilized world, and which have not entirely died away, even to this day. Dante is full of this chivalric, or what we should now call passionate and platonic, love for Beatrice; and in many of the older poets before Dante the same exalted state of spiritual ecstasy is to be traced, the same rendering up of heart and soul, with never a trace of grosser longing than for that divine charity of love, that noble pity of womanhood, which would give back thought for thought, and gracious acceptance for faithful service.

> "Trustful in servitude
> I have been and will be,
> And loyal unto love my whole life through.
> A hundred fold of good
> Which in me accrueth shall be crowned me
> For what I have endured of grief and woe?
> Since he hath given me unto one of whom
> Thus much is said.—Thou mightiest seek for aye
> Another such worth, so beauteous,
> Joy, therefore, may keep house
> In this my heart, that it hath loved so well.
> Measems I scarce could dwell
> Ever in weary life or in dismay,
> So true service still my heart gave room."*

These chivalric unions never throve heartily in England. A less imaginative race, with thicker senses, it was scarcely possible for us to subtilize and refine on this subject; perhaps well for us, in one sense, since it led us earlier than most others to the perception of the fact that the truest love is contained in the happiest marriage, and that the lady does not always lose her friend when she transforms him into her husband.

In France, that earlier chivalrous respect for women, which acknowledged their moral superiority, and besought grace and guidance at their hands, still exists in modernized form—less distinctly than a couple of centuries ago, but with marked emphasis yet, and undeniable social and legal results. The notable facts, that women possess half the capital of France; that they are habitually employed in many of the callings devoted here solely to men; that they are considered intellectually capable of managing large commercial concerns, and are always associated with the husband's business as he would associate any other intelligent and trusty friend; their wide social influence, and the moral hold, which, as mothers, they retain on every man to the end of his life; and the allowance of strong personal friendships between them and men without scandal necessarily accruing, so long as personal respect is maintained and the world sees no familiarity; all these circumstances of social life in France are remnants of chivalric times, altered through the *salons* of the sixteenth century.

What those *salons* were, one of the best of our new writers shall tell us in that delightful book of hers which goes by the name of the loveliest woman of the last generation.†

In the beginning of the seventeenth century the Hotel Rambouillet took its place in the civilized world as the latest form of the spirit of chivalry, which had never died out from France. Madame de Rambouillet was only twenty-two when ill health and her own inborn refinement drove her from the coarse and noisy *fetes* of the court, and led her to form a court of her own—a *salon* in which beauty of language, delicacy of manner, and the acceptance of men for what they were themselves and not for their fathers' names, were the principal features. Malherbe and Vaugelas, the one a poet, the other a priest, grammarian, and academician, and both creators of French style, were among the most favored guests. They were each between forty-five and fifty years of age, not personally attractive in any special manner, and not of the social class usually courted by ladies since the race of Troubadours had ceased in the land, and song was no longer a claim to favor.

Then other literary men came into the circle, among whom were Balzac, Voiture, and Ravan; which last fell madly in love with the marquise, and wrote a play in which, under the name of Arthenice, an anagram on Catherine, her own name, he described his love, but afterwards suppressed the description, "lest it should make her unhappy." Surely, a trait of noble delicacy and self-sacrifice quite chivalric! Among other things, the Hotel Rambouillet assigned to itself the task of purifying the language from certain grossnesses and vulgarities; nay, of even adding new words, if occasion served, as when it coined the famous word "urbanity," and the world accepted the coinage. This small beginning, in the drawing-room of a private lady, came afterwards to its full perfection in the celebrated Institute, the most successful conservatory of language ever known.

Few know that the French Academy was originally due to the refinement and graceful taste of a woman. In time, the purity of the Hotel Rambouillet, getting its exaggerative imitators, degenerated into prudery and affectation, and "Les Precieuses Ridicules" of Moliere were no bad photographs of what beauty had become when travestied by folly. To Richelieu, the jealous, envious, arbitrary minister, those pleasant meetings at the Hotel were especially distasteful. He wanted to know all that was said and done there, and could not believe that so many persons could be gathered without plotting and evil speaking. So one day he sent his secretary and spy, Boisrobert, to the marquise, asking her as a favor to tell him what her people said at him there.

"Sir," said the marquise, gravely, "my friends know my attachment to his eminence, and would not, therefore, be so impolite as to speak ill of him in my presence."

His eminence never asked again, and the meetings went on as briskly as before.

Nor cards nor music were called in to help the leaden-footed hours at the Hotel Rambouillet, but all the guests talked; they cultivated the quickness of repartee, the keenness of epigram, the brilliancy of fancy, the swift, bright play of thought, which gives spirit to conversation. They did not each make up his thought into a pellet, which he launched at the head of his nearest neighbor, then withdrew nervously from the fray, as is too often the only to king to be had here; but they toyed, and sported, and played, and fenced like Arab warriors in the jeered game.

This new art of grace became one of the greatest refiners of manners and helps to pleasant living known to modern society. In those days, too, the world recognized the possibility of attachments which should include all the tenderness and exclude all the passion of love. Julie d'Angennes, the eldest daughter of the marquise, was a striking exemplification of this, as also of the greater freedom allowed then than now to unmarried women. She was her mother's confidante in that graceful army of wit and beauty, and had as many lovers as there were days in the year; but she would listen to none of them, and always said that she would never marry any one lower than Gustavus Adolphus, the greatest hero of his age. M. de Montausier, however—a hero in his way, if not quite equal to the ideal the fair Julie had made for herself—after nine years of patient and loyal serving, succeeded in convincing her that a husband may sometimes remain a lover. It was M. de Montausier who caused Guirlande de Julie to be made—a highly characteristic manner of wooing, with still a dash of the old chivalric sentiment clinging to it. This "Garland" was a folio volume of twenty-nine pages. On each page was a leaf or flower, painted in miniature by the best artists of the day, and underneath each painting was an ode or madrigal, written by the best poets; the whole executed by Jarry, the noted calligrapher.

Immediately after the Hotel Rambouillet, with its graceful, dignified, and refined mistress, came the *salon* of Mademoiselle de Scudery, where the two friends, Conrart, the jealous secretary of the Academie, and Pelisson, the Secretary and defender of Fouquet, met to dispute possession of her heart. Pelisson, sixteen years her junior, and painfully disfigured by smallpox, was the finally favored, and Conrart had to digest his disappointment as he best might. The friendship between Mademoiselle Scudery and Pelisson stands almost unrivalled in the annals of Platonism.

It lasted through the five years of solitary confinement in the Bastile, where he was imprisoned for the defense of Fouquet, and where he formed that celebrated friendship with the spider which has made his name more famous, perhaps, than his friendship with La Scudery; and it lasted up to the day of his death, when he was seventy and she eighty-six, and the grave parted them but for a brief day. No one ever dared to slander this noble affection. The bitterest satirists left it alone; the most cynical disbelievers in human purity were forced to respect its innocence. It was a fine-hearted woman's verdict in favor of intelligence against station, and of the superior charms of mind against the mere outside graces of form.

Madame de Sable next carried on this grand war of womanhood against the degrading influences of class and *caste*; and in her *salon*, as in those of her predecessors, the literary man and the refined man were always welcome—more welcome than the titled or the wealthy, if brainless or coarse. She, too, maintained her place as lawgiver and superior, and recognized no holiness in the Griselda type of woman.

Our next queen of society was not so true to her class. The Duchess de Longueville forsook her pride for a lower, if a more natural love, and her biography shows us the rare phenomenon of a lady who humbled herself to her lover, and accepted laws instead of framing them. La Rochefoucault—whose wise and foolish, true and false maxims were, like the nobler thoughts of Pascal, mainly elaborated from the conversations held at Madame de Sable's—found means to bend the duchess to his will-it will and to break the sceptre of a dethroned queen. La Longueville is the first woman of *salon* notoriety who bowed herself at the foot of man; and in her humiliation may be traced the beginning of that comparative decline of female influence which has been of such evil consequence to France.

I say comparative, for there are many years of *salon* supremacy to come—years when Madame de Maintenon and Madame de Sevigne, Madame Roland, Madame de Stael, Josephine, and Madame Recamier gave laws to their various worlds; years when woman's grace and purity, and fine moral perceptions and spiritual insight, helped men through many a miry way of conscientious difficulty, made many a doubtful matter clear and bright, made politics, religion, and friendship an article of faith, and preserved still to modern manners something of the fragrant delicacy of the old chivalric times.

But the greatest result which this recognized influence of women has worked in France—far greater, even now, in its decay, than what has ever been allowed with us—is the higher position it has accorded the literary men. When our best poets and authors were standing, shabby and mean, hat in hand, humbly waiting on some rich man's *levee*, or wallowing in every species of low vice—when they were hiding in the contemptuous poverty of Grub street, unable to face a dun, or pay a milkwoman's paltry score—when they took their victuals behind a screen, and submitted to the insolence of footmen for the sake of the paltry pound which was the price of a fulsome dedication—in France they were courted, *feted*, caressed, protected; the favorite visitors to those desired *salons* which sifted out all that was best and brightest for their special keeping; the only kings holding joint rule with those beloved queens. "Where, except in France, do we find it a general rule and custom for women of all ranks to make common cause with the whole talent and genius of the country?" asks Madame M. Assuredly not here in England, nor yet in Germany. Here a woman waits for a man's fame before she extends her hand to him; in France she makes her fame by her friendship; here he must add to his reputation some aroma of birth or wealth before becoming thoroughly adopted in our drawing-rooms (temporary patronizing is not adoption); there he needs only to be witty and well-bred to have the *entree* to the best *salons* in Paris. Therefore, in France literature is the highest profession a man can follow, higher even than art; here it is no passport of itself, but only the occasion, the accident. Women who love art and literature, and all the finer phases of mind, have so little social influence here that they do not rule and refine. If they did, we should never have heard a word of the penny-a-liner or the old degrading Grub-street taunt—such histories as Chatterton and Otway in the past. The chivalry which exalted women would react upon men, and the homage paid to beauty would be rewarded by the purification and refinement of force.

* Rinaldo d'Aquino—Rossetti's translation.

† Madame Recamier. By Madame M.

—M. Emile Chere, the inventor and propagator of the method of musical teaching by cyphers, revived from Rousseau, died two weeks ago in France.

—Goldsmith's Green Arbor Court, says the London *Athenæum*, will soon belong only to memory, and pilgrims will look in vain for the old "breakneck steps" by which the court was gained on the west side, and which marked a portion of the steep face of the Old London Wall.

—Major-General Hutchinson, of England, has invented a small gun which projects to an extreme distance a heavy ball with a small charge of powder, the recoil being very trifling. The experiment with five ounces of powder and a shot of four pounds, gave an extreme range of two thousand yards; yet greater results are expected when some slight alterations are made in the gun, which is shortly to be tried again.

—The public annuity and pension list in England changes every year. The finance accounts recently issued for the year ending with March, 1864, introduced for the first time the names of the Prince and Princess of Wales for their respective annuities of £40,000 and £10,000 a year. The other Royal annuities remain the same as before, viz.:—For the House of Cambridge, £24,600; the Princess of Prussia, £8000; the Princess Louise, £6000. The perpetual pensions remain the same—the heirs of William Penn heading the list with their £4000 a year, to be paid as long as time and the Treasury shall last. The grant to the Canning family disappears from the list, and so does the retiring pension of Lord Lyndhurst; but there still remain four English ex-Chancellors receiving their £5000 a year; and there are two Irish ex-Chancellors, four English retired judges, and a Vice-Chancellor. A retired Irish judge, Mr. Justice Crampton, has place in the list no more; but fate still spares the housemaid of the Irish House of Lords to receive her pension.

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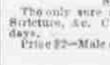

WEALTH, HEALTH, AND BEAUTY.

It to gain admiring eyes;
If to be limbs of noble height;
If to be a blooming flower,
Fading, dying in an hour—BEAUTY!

If to have a host of friends;
If for you to mean smooth;
If with which lovers flood to wed;
If a marble stone when dead—WEALTH!

If to live threescore and ten,
Wishing life as long again;
If to live a life of peace;
If to die and go to greater—HEALTH!

If you wish a life of pleasures;
If (on value this world's treasures;
If every comfort you would see;
Take my advice, and wish all three.

Then, having Health, Wealth, and Beauty,
You'll be prepared for every duty.

By a careful perusal of Dr. BELL'S PAMPHLET (WHICH SHOULD be read by every one. Sold by booksellers generally, and at the Doctor's office, No. 418 SPRUCE STREET; price 25 cents. au5-M

SAMARITAN'S CURE.

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Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864.

THE GEORGIA ARMISTICE.

HOOD'S LAST LETTER.

Close of the Correspondence.

AN ATTEMPT TO REVERSE SHERMAN'S DECISIONS.

A MILK-AND-WATER EPISTLE.

A Final Appeal to the Almighty.

Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE, September 12, 1864.—Major-General W. T. Sherman, Commanding Military Division of the Mississippi:—General:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th instant, with its inclosure, in reference to the women children, and others whom you have seen proper to expel from their homes in the city of Atlanta. Had you seen proper to let the matter rest there I would gladly have allowed your letter to close this correspondence, and without your expressing it in words would have been willing to believe that whilst "the interests of the United States" in your opinion compelled you to an act of barbarous cruelty, you regretted the necessity, and we would have dropped the subject.

But you have chosen to indulge in statement which I feel compelled to notice, at least so far as to signify my dissent, and not allow silence in regard to them to be construed as acquiescence. I see nothing in your communication which induces me to modify the language of condemnation with which I characterized your order. It but strengthens me in the opinion that it stands "pre-eminent in the dark history of war for studied and ingenious cruelty." Your original order was stripped of all pretense; you announced the edict for the sole reason that it was "to the interest of the United States." This alone you offered to us and the civilized world as an all-sufficient reason for disregarding the laws of God and man.

You say that "General Johnston himself very wisely and properly removed the families all the way from Dalton down." It is due to that gallant soldier and gentleman to say that no act of his distinguished career gives the least color to your unfounded aspersion upon his conduct. He depopulated no villages, nor towns, nor cities, either friendly or hostile. He offered and extended friendly aid to his unfortunate fellow-citizens who desired to flee from your fraternal embraces. You are unfortunate in your attempt to find a justification for this act of cruelty, either in the defense of Jonesboro by General Hardee, or of Atlanta by myself. General Hardee defended his position in front of Jonesboro at the expense of injury to the houses, an ordinary, proper, and justifiable act of war. I defended Atlanta at the same risk and cost.

If there was any fault in either case, it was your own, in not giving notice, especially in the case of Atlanta, of your purpose to shell the town, which is usual in war among civilized nations. No inhabitant of either town was expelled from home and fireside by either General Hardee myself, and therefore your recent order can find no support from the conduct of either of us. But no other emotion than pain, in reading that part of your letter which attempts to justify the shelling of Atlanta without notice, under plea that I defended Atlanta upon a line which the town in that every cannon shot and musket-ball from your line of investment must overshoot their mark, went into the habitations of women and children. I made no complaint of your firing into Atlanta in any way you thought proper.

I make none now, but there are a hundred thousand living witnesses that you fired into the habitations of women and children for weeks, firing far above and miles beyond my line of defense. I have too good an opinion, founded both upon observation and experience, of the skill of your artillerists, to credit the assertion that they for several weeks unintentionally fired too high for my modest fieldworks, and slaughtered women and children by accident and want of skill.

The residue of your letter is rather discursive. It opens a wide field for the discussion of questions which I do not feel are committed to me. I am only a general of one of the armies of the Confederate States, charged with military operations in the field, under the direction of my superior officers, and I am not called upon to discuss with you the cause of the present war, or the political questions which led to or resulted from it.

These grave and important questions have been committed to far abler hands than mine, and I shall only refer to them so far as to repel any unjust conclusion which might be drawn from my silence. You charge my country with "daring and badgering you to battle." The truth is, we sent commissioners to you respectfully offering a peaceful separation before the first gun was fired on either side. You may say we insulted your flag. The truth is we fired upon it, and those who fought under it, when you came to our doors upon the mission of subjugation. You say we seized upon your forts and arsenals, and made prisoners of the garrisons sent to protect us against negroes and Indians.

The truth is, we expelled by force of arms insolent intruders, and took possession of our own forts and arsenals to resist your claim to dominion over masters, slaves, and Indians, all of whom are to this day, with unanimity unexampled in the history of the world, warring against your attempts to become their masters. You say that we tried to force Missouri and Kentucky into rebellion in spite of themselves. The truth is, my Government, from the beginning of this struggle to this hour, has again and again offered before the whole world to leave it to the unbiassed will of those States, and all others, to determine for themselves whether they will cast their destiny with your Government or ours, and your Government has resisted this fundamental principle of free institutions with the bayonet, and labors daily by force and fraud to fasten its hateful tyranny upon the unfortunate freemen of these States. You say we falsified the vote of Louisiana. The truth is, Louisiana not only separated herself from your people, but has vindicated the act upon every battle-field from Gettysburg to the Sabine, and has exhibited an heroic devotion to her decision which challenges the admiration and respect of every man capable of feeling sympathy for the oppressed, or admiration for heroic valor. You say that we turned loose pirates to plunder your unarmed ships. The truth is, when you robbed us of our part of the navy, we built and bought a few vessels, hoisted the flag of our country, and swept the seas in defiance of your navy, around the whole circumference of the globe. You say we have expelled Union families by thousands.

The truth is, not a single family has been expelled from the Confederate States, that I am aware of, but on the contrary, the moderation of our Government towards traitors has been a fruitless theme of denunciation by its enemies and many well-meaning friends of our cause. You say my Government by acts of Congress has confiscated "all debts due Northern men for goods sold and delivered." The truth is, Congress gave due and simple time to your merchants and others to depart from our shores with their ships, goods, and effects, and only sequestered the property of our enemies in retaliation for their acts declaring us traitors and confiscating our property wherever their power extended, either in their country or our own. Such are your accusations, and such are the facts known of all men to be true.

You order into exile the whole population of a city, drive men, women, and children from their homes at the point of the bayonet, under the plea that it is to the interest of your Government, and on the claim that this is an act of "kindness to these families of Atlanta." Butler only banished from New Orleans the registered enemies of his Government, and acknowledged that he did it as a punishment. You issue a sweeping edict, covering all the inhabitants of a city, and add insult to the injury heaped upon the defenseless by assuming that you have done them a kindness. This you follow by the assertion that you will "make as much sacrifice for the peace and honor of the South as the best born Southron." And because I characterize what you call kindness as being real cruelty, you presume to sit in judgment between me and my God, and you decide that my earnest prayer to the Almighty Father to save our women and children from what you call kindness is a "sacrilegious, hypocritical appeal."

You come into our country with your army avowedly for the purpose of subjugating free white men, women, and children; and not only intend to rule over them, but you make negroes your allies, and desire to place over us an inferior race, which we have raised from barbarism to its present position, which is the highest ever attained by that race in any country in all time. I must therefore decline to accept your statements in reference to your kindness towards the people of Atlanta, and your willingness to sacrifice everything for the peace and honor of the South, and refuse to be governed by your decision in regard to matters between myself, my country, and my God.

You say "let us fight it out like men." To this my reply is, for myself, and, I believe, for all true men, aye, and women and children, in my country, we will fight you to death. Better die a thousand deaths than to submit to live under you or your government, and your negro allies.

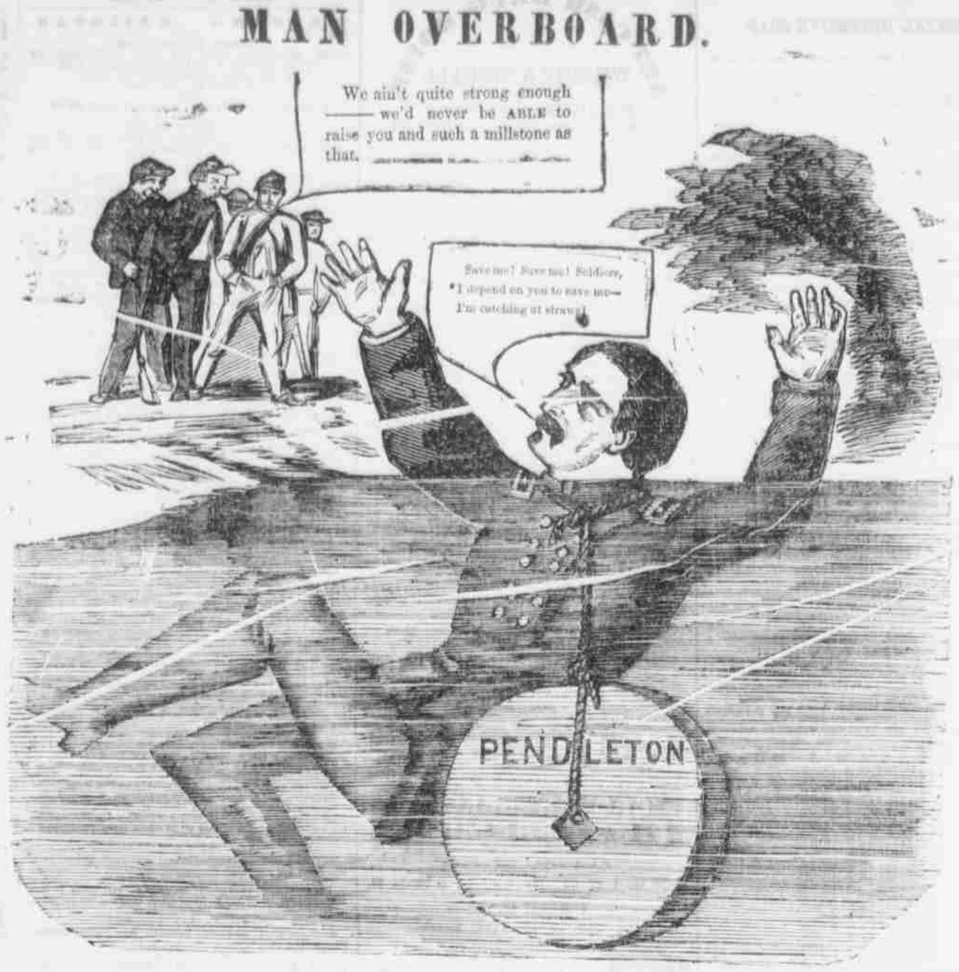
Having answered the points forced upon me by your letter of the 9th of September, I close this correspondence with you, and notwithstanding your comments upon my appeal to God in the cause of humanity, I again humbly and reverently invoke his Almighty aid in defense of justice and right.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. B. HOOD, General.

F. H. WIGFALL, A. D. C.

MAN OVERBOARD.



THE STRENGTH OF THE COUNTRY.

Wealth of the United States—The National Debt.

The growth of the United States is the wonder of the world. Nothing like it is recorded in authentic history. To foreign nations this growth is known almost exclusively by the increase of our population, or the appearance of American ships in their ports. But when we come to investigate the ability of the nation to incur extraordinary expense, or to pay an accumulating debt, the question is not so much one of population as of industry and productiveness. It is a question of the rate at which the nation increases in wealth and resources. This problem has scarcely been investigated at all, and is understood by few. To meet the question of the ability of this nation to pay its present and future war debt with promptness, and without the least distress or doubt, we propose to examine these points:—1. What is the wealth of the nation? 2. At what rate does it increase? 3. What is its proportion to the debt?

I. What is the wealth of the nation? Wealth is all the available property of the country—lands, houses, precious metals and domestic animals, and instruments for the employment of labor and to make lands productive. In some countries, as in Holland and Belgium, there is a considerable drawback on many of these, from the fact that there is little or no market for these, except for the use of those who hold them. Thus, a man who builds a house in Amsterdam does not expect to sell it for what it cost; he builds it for his own use. In this country it is exactly the reverse. Every man expects to get more for his property than it costs, and in nine cases out of ten is justified by the event.

In a country where foreign immigration is immense, and the natural growth rapid, the market is always a rising one, and all species of property is marketable. Hence, in valuing the property of the country, there is no drawback from the want of a sale, or the possible fall of values. The property of the nation in one year is worth more than it was appraised at the preceding ye If therefore, we can find a fair valuation of the property of the country, that valuation is a perfectly safe standard to ascertain the wealth of the nation.

It is only recently that any attempt has been made to value the property or wealth of nations. In this country the only valuations we have are in the censuses of 1850 and 1860; but these are enough to establish both the actual value of property, and the rate of increase. The valuations are very well proved, by corresponding nearly with several State valuations, which are made for the purposes of taxation. For example, the increase of wealth in the State of Ohio, given in the United States censuses of 1850 and 1860, compared very nearly with that given by the Auditor of State and Commissioner of Statistics, which is known to give very near the actual saleable value of property. We therefore assume the valuation of property of this country given in the censuses of 1850 and 1860 to be substantially correct. Taking, then, only the States and Territories now in the possession of the United States Government (although for the ultimate payment of the debt, we have a right to assume that we shall recover the whole property of the nation), the following brief table will show our wealth in 1860:—

	Wealth in 1850.	Wealth in 1860.	Increase.	Inc. per ct.
Cal....	$22,481,872	$207,211,915	$184,730,043	821.69
Conn....	155,097,980	444,274,114	289,176,134	186.47
Del....	21,002,756	46,382,181	25,379,425	119.94
Illinois	136,900,976	871,300,207	715,399,231	457.92
Indiana	202,320,000	730,000,000	527,680,000	260.79
Iowa....	25,714,608	247,204,262	223,489,654	947.97
Kansas....	.....	31,317,925	31,317,925	.....
Ky.....	391,924,450	690,041,17	298,116,720	76.04
Maine....	177,277,550	326,213,800	67,936,250	54.99
Maryl'd	210,312,564	376,910,044	166,597,480	79.24
Mass....	370,472,240	815,997,450	445,525,210	120.24
Mich....	96,567,295	397,961,993	301,394,698	312.13
Minn....	.....	39,159,037	39,159,037	.....
Mo.....	347,203,707	871,214,208	524,010,501	150.92
N. H....	146,949,650	326,919,000	179,969,350	122.48
N. J....	361,256,000	906,096,124	544,840,124	150.84
N. Y....	1,049,459,216	3,881,996,743	2,832,537,527	269.87
Ohio....	604,726,120	1,191,362,442	586,636,322	97.00
Oregon	5,063,414	28,980,642	23,917,228	472.43
Penna.	727,407,120	1,416,591,870	689,184,750	94.75
R. I....	80,743,794	175,597,266	94,853,472	117.49
Tenn....	261,246,666	505,903,802	244,657,136	93.67
Vt.....	92,256,049	122,477,176	30,221,124	32.75
Wis....	42,096,536	273,971,008	231,874,472	550.79
Terr's..	26,319,429	41,442,360	20,913,000	108.00
Total..	$5,947,367,712	$11,410,206,848	$5,462,839,135	127.09

The problem of wealth, estimated by the cash standard of value, is solved. The actual wealth of the country on the 1st of July, 1850, was eleven thousand four hundred and ten millions, including in this only the States and Territories now in actual possession of the Government. On the same day the wealth of the entire country was sixteen thousand one hundred and fifty-nine millions ($16,159,000,000). Hence the entire wealth of the States now in rebellion, including portions of Louisiana, Arkansas, Virginia, North Carolina, &c., now in our control, was but four thousand seven hundred millions and of this sum not less than one and a half thousand millions was in slaves. The national wealth, by the rate of 1860, was in fact three fold that of the Rebel Confederacy. If we take from the first half of Virginia and Louisiana, fully in our control, the value of the Confederacy is but three and a half thousand millions; so that the wealth of the loyal country is really four times that of the Rebels.

II. We find the decennial increase was 127 per cent., and the annual increase 12.1; so that the four years from 1860 to 1864 give an increase of 50 per cent. On this basis the actual wealth of the loyal States and Territories on the 1st of July, 1864, would be sixteen thousand six hundred millions of dollars ($16,600,000,000), equal to that of the entire nation in 1860. But some one may say that the condition of the war has diminished the increase of wealth. Some consideration will make it evident that if this is true at all, it is only in a very moderate degree. War prices are always high prices, and high prices—such high prices as we now have—stimulate production to a vast extent. The farmer manages somehow to sow as many acres and reap as large harvests as ever, and we not only feed our armies and home population, but continue to feed a good part of Europe besides.

But let us look at some other considerations:—1. With the exception of Tennessee and Missouri, the loyal country has felt none of the destruction of war. 2. A large part of the increase of wealth was due to immigration, and that continues as great as ever, and goes exclusively to the loyal States. 3. The production of the gold and silver mines is far greater than it was in 1860. 4. A large proportion of the increase is in the new States and Territories which are still increasing very rapidly. 5. All the payments of the war are made to our own people, and, with the exception of wastage, the war has drained no wealth from the country.

But suppose our national wealth does not increase as rapidly as in time of peace, the gain is undoubtedly sufficiently great to demonstrate the correctness of our position.

III. What is the proportion of debt to the wealth of the country? The debt created by three years and a quarter of war, from April, 1861, to July, 1864 (exclusive of the legal-tender notes, which, being the currency of the country, will continue out), was thirteen hundred millions. This is not nearly the increased wealth of the country! If we should suppose the war to go on from two to six years longer, the additional debt will be less than the natural increase of its values. From these facts the following deductions are inevitable:—

1. That, even with a considerably diminished increase of wealth, the country can carry on war for an indefinite period, and continually increase its wealth.

2. That the resources and progress of the nation are so great and inexhaustible that any public debt created by this or any ordinary war can be paid, principal and interest, without any serious burden on the people.

3. That, therefore, the public loans of the United States are, and will remain, unimpeachably secure, through any period of war, and bring good interest. They are the best investments which lenders can have in any public securities.

DOINGS OF THE DRAMA.

THE "SEA OF ICE" has triumphantly established itself in the favor of the public. The scenery and stage effects are so excellent that they have carried the day despite the shortcomings of the actors. Mr. Mordaunt has, however, arrived at a decent knowledge of the words of his part, and is now able to give full effect to the acting of the dramatic scenes that fall to his share. There could not be a more admirable "Carlos." Of Miss Denin we have already expressed an opinion; her rough and crude manner is sufficient to mar the effects of her handsome person. She is most too careless in regard to costume. There is neither taste nor freshness in anything she wears. The gem of the piece is Little Katie Baker, the prettiest, neatest, and most graceful child we have ever seen on the stage. Mr. Leanox gains in favor. He has one great quality in a low comedian; he is not *low*. Mrs. Chapman's quiet, ladylike manner, her clean (that we should be reduced by the frequence of the opposite defect to notice this!) and elegant dressing is quite refreshing to good taste, beside the tawdry untidiness of the other ladies.

The orchestra, too, has not selected appropriate music, and there is a want of decision about Mr. Smith's leading which makes it slovenly. The effects on the stage have improved mightily, and the ice scene, with the coming of the ship, is most impressive, and sufficient for a whole spectacle.

AT THE WALNUT Mr. Booth has played Ray Dillon every night, his marvellous power conquering every obstacle, and making the audience forget those by whom he is surrounded. He, too, plays the whole of next week. All three theatres have been crowded on each and every night. These large audiences, who, of course, fill the treasury, are not all used to public entertainments, and many of them deserve criticism as much as the actors. Some gallant soldiers sit with their arms round the lady of their love, she reclining on his shoulder, an exhibition which does not suggest favorable opinions, though they are in the respectable portion of the auditorium, and often respectable themselves.

Then the habit of eating, which has become almost universal, is most annoying. Peaches, apples, cakes, are swallowed in profusion; stones, juice, and skins being, of course, unmercifully strewed around. But worst of all are the peanuts, for they positively interrupt the performance. The sale of peanuts, at least, should be forbidden inside the theatres. As for the custom of chewing and spitting in the face of a woman, creating near her, all round her, a disgusting pool that stains her garments, and makes the body sicken, it is probably useless to speak of this, for we are all fond of distinction, and being the only nation that chews and expectorates, in public (with far less disgust to those around us) we might clean our teeth in public, we should be proud of it, no doubt, as a distinction. Certain it is, that even men otherwise refined have never been prevailed on to quit this horrible mastication practice.

AT THE ARCH, Mr. Adams has played several of his popular characters, in a manner that has maintained the old good opinion. Mr. Adams is the most sympathetic young actor on the stage. Of the support he has met with we have already spoken. With all her advantages, we think there is not a spark of warmth, genius, or passion in Miss Grahame; therefore is she unfitted for any part beyond that of a walking lady. Adams' engagement continues the whole of next week.

ON MONDAY we shall be roused from our musical apathy by a grand Concert at Musical Fund Hall, given by some of the finest artists we have. Mme. Whiting, Lonni, Stefani, Amodio, Tetts, a charming tenor, and the husband of our Fanny Heron, all of whom will bring back the best musical traditions, and brilliantly commence the musical season.

—The journal of Semmes, of the *Alabama*, will shortly be published at Deutu's, in Paris.

—A monument to the memory of John Clare, the Northamptonshire poet, is erecting in Helpstone churchyard, in England. Complete editions of his poetical works, including many unpublished poems, are announced by two publishing houses in London.

DEATHS OF UNION SOLDIERS IN LIBBY PRISON.—The following list of prisoners who died in Libby Prison at the dates stated have been furnished to Messrs. Joseph F. Devitt & Co. Their informant was present at the deaths of the men named:—

Jonathan Pearce, F, 2d New York, June 25, 1861.
Samuel W. Bates, 23d New York, June 28, 1861.
Harry J. Spaulding, F, 5th N. H., June 28, 1861.
David Bailie, G, 10th New York, June 28, 1861.
Hamilton Digby, F, 82d New York, June 29, 1861.
Hiram A. Scott, B, 36th Wisconsin, July 1, 1864.
C. W. Miller, F, 11th New York, July 1, 1861.
Rufus B. Dunn, C, 4th Maine, July 2, 1861.
Hezekiah Smith, I, 14th New York, July 3, 1861.
G. F. Powers, K, 2d New York M. R., July 3, 1861.
Wm. L. Green, A, 2d New York Armory, July 4, 1861.
John O'Neil, K, 10th New Hampshire, July 7, 1861.
Messmer Elser, G, 74th Pennsylvania, July 8, 1861.
Frank Oberg, I, 15th New York, July 8, 1861.
William Burke, H, 10th New York, July 13, 1861.
Wm. Welch, L, 8th New York Art., July 13, 1861.
Daniel Blanchard, B, 5th New Hampshire, July 15, 1861.
Alexander Wilson, K, 67th Pennsylvania, July 14, 1861.
James Alvord, D, 16th Pennsylvania, July 14, 1861.
Edward Healey, G, 4th Vermont, July 18, 1861.
Chandler Inman, F, 57th Pennsylvania, July 15, 1861.
Paul W. Chandler, A, 20th Massachusetts, July 18, 1861.
Jacob Barth, D, 7th New York Artillery, July 23, 1861.
W. H. Todd, I, 1st Massachusetts Art., July 16, 1861.
Owen S. Bendle, I, 6th Michigan, July 16, 1861.
Nicholas Williams, C, 5th S. N. H. Art., July 7, 1861.
William Ellis, H, 4th S. N. Heavy Art., June 16, 1861.
John Westcott, I, 7th N. Y. H. Art., June 11th, 1861.
Harry Gates, B, 7th N. Y. Heavy Art., June 30th, 1861.
John Wetzell, H, 7th N. Y. H. Art., June 24th, 1861.
Ira Berg, J, Mooney, H, 7th N. Y. H. Art., July 3d, 1861.
Daniel E. Swart, K, 7th N. Y. H. Art., July 7th, 1861.
Jacob Barth, D, 7th N. Y. Heavy Art., July 23d, 1861.
George Walker, B, 8th Mass., June 7th, 1861.
James Hart, B, 16th N. Y., June 7th, 1861.
Timothy Hewett, A, 155th N. Y., June 7th, 1861.
John Hobin, B, 27th Massachusetts, June 7, 1861.
Owen Fisher, H, 81st Pennsylvania, June 10, 1861.
Charles Cox, H, 5th New York Art., June 10, 1861.
Thomas Gallagher, C, 23d Pennsylvania, June 10, 1861.
Ferdinand Dorf, H, 8th New York Art., June 12, 1861.
Peter A. Gallaher, C, 104th Penna., June 10, 1861.
Edmund Anthony, B, 8th New York Art., June 11, 1861.
Michael Fox, 164th New York, June 16, 1861.
Weatherly Smith, K, 5th New Hampshire, June 17, 1861.
Felix H. Boyal, C, 106th New York, June 18, 1861.
Edward H. Tyler, E, 1st Conn. Cav., June 12, 1861.
Peter Richmyer, K, 61st New York, June 20, 1861.
A. B. Miller, E, 14th Ohio, June 30, 1861.
William Kincaid, I, 79th N. Y. Highlanders, June 21, 1861.
Alexander Goodwood, E, 5th N. H., July 16, 1861.
John D. Blake, I, 5th Mass., July 16, 1861.
Peter Lowe, F, 8th New Jersey, July 16, 1861.
Christopher Keane, K, 71st Penna., July 17, 1861.
John McKeever, G, 170th New York, July 28, 1861.
Charles Hall, 16th Vermont, July 18, 1861.
George Lewis, I, 53d Pennsylvania, July 21, 1861.
Albert E. Adams, B, 8th New York Art., July 21, 1861.
Martin Leyden, F, 11th U. S. Inf., July 21, 1861.
Daniel Ferrest, D, 105th Pennsylvania, July 22, 1861.
Corpl. Sweasy, H, 2d Pennsylvania, July 23, 1861.
Jacob Keyser, E, 138th New York, July 24, 1861.

Wilmington and the Weldon Road.

Wilmington, the chief commercial city of North Carolina, is situated on Cape Fear river. It is distant 226 miles from Petersburg, and 248 from Richmond. At the present time it is the chief *entrepot* for blockade-runners in all the Rebel States. It is conceded that if we close the port of Wilmington or capture the city, that the Rebels will not have a single foot on the whole extended sea-board, from Norfolk to New Orleans, which can be used as a safe port for blockade-runners.

The importance of Wilmington is therefore prominent and manifest to the whole world. It is a matter of profound amazement that the Administration has not sent an expedition, long before this, to close the mouth of Cape Fear river. A small land force could have landed and erected a battery, or taken possession of Fort Fisher, a Rebel earthwork at the mouth of the river. It is stated that a small force would be sufficient to capture that fortification. Send Admiral Farragut to Wilmington, is the universal desire of the North.

It is a significant fact that Lee's army, at the present time, is supposed to be provisioned from the Northern States. It is done in this wise:—Flour is exported from New York to Halifax, thence it is transferred to blockade-runners, which sail for Wilmington. There is said to be twenty-four vessels engaged in this flour-carrying trade. Their capacity is two thousand barrels of flour each. It is calculated they can deliver twenty-four thousand barrels of flour every week in Wilmington.

Now, it is known that General Lee no longer depends for the supply of his army upon Virginia, North Carolina, or Georgia, but he depends upon Wilmington and the Weldon road for his supply of flour. Any one can, therefore, appreciate the immeasurable importance of Grant holding possession of the Weldon road. The numerous battles which Lee has fought for that road, and the number of lives he has sacrificed in order to repossess a section of the road, prove that that line is really fundamental to Lee army, or as General Grant expressed it, in one of his curt phrases, "Lee cannot stand it."

If we should possess Wilmington, that would be a still more fatal blow at Lee's army, as that would be drying up the very source of supply. At the present time, flour can be carried from Wilmington, via Goldsboro and Raleigh, on the Danville railroad to Richmond. This is the route of transportation which the Rebels use since Grant has fastened his iron grasp on the Weldon road.

—At Plymouth, England, the price of illuminating gas is three shillings (73 cents) per 1000 feet. In Philadelphia, with coal as plenty as in Plymouth, it is three dollars per 1000 feet.

—There are in England and Wales 145 railways, covering 770 miles, on which passenger trains are run on Sundays, and 23 railways on which passenger trains do not run on Sundays. These last have a mileage of 807, including 650 branches or portions of railways, neither of which is of greater length than 37 miles. In Ireland 32 railways, having 1452 miles, run trains; and three lines having 203 miles, 230 of which are branches or portions of railways, do not run passenger trains on Sundays.

—A curious case is about being tried in Paris. A lady is about to prove in open court that she is not the mother of her children, or rather the children which her husband attributes to her. This matter is to be demonstrated by decisive arguments, the lady herself demanding to plead. It is said that amusing revelations will be made.

—The people of Chambersburg, Pa., are preparing to build their destroyed dwellings. Since the work of making the town is to be all done over again, it is proposed to beautify it by increasing the width of its streets, making the houses neat and uniform, and lining the streets with shade trees.

HELMBOLD'S REMEDIES.

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FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU

For Non-Retention or Incontinence of Urine, Irritation, Inflammation or Ulceration of the Bladder or Kidneys, *Diseases of the Prostrate Glands, Stone in the Bladder, Calculus, Gravel, or Brick-dust Deposit*, and all Diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, and Dropsical Swellings.

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FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU

For Weaknesses arising from Excessive Indiscretion. The constitution once affected with Organic Weakness requires the aid of medicine to *strengthen* and *invigorate* the system, which HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU invariably does. If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or Insanity may ensue.

HELMBOLD'S

FLUID EXTRACT OF BUCHU,

In affections peculiar to "Females," is unequaled by an other preparation, as in Chlorosis, or Retention, Irregularities; Painfulness, or Suppression of Customary Evacuations; Ulcerated, or Schirrous State of the Uterus; Leucorrhœa, and all complaints incident to the sex, whether arising from habits of dissipation, or in the decline or change of life.

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IN

IMPROVED ROSE WASH

Will radically exterminate from the system Diseases of the Urinary Organs arising from Habits of Dissipation, at *little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience or exposure*; completely superseding those *unpleasant and dangerous remedies, Copaiba and Mercury*, in all those diseases.

USE HELMBOLD'S

FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU

In all Diseases of the Urinary Organs, whether existing in "Male" or "Female," *from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing*. It is pleasant in taste and odor. "*Immediate in action*, and more strengthening than any of the preparations of *Buck or Iron*.

Those suffering from *Broken Down or Delicate Constitutions, procure the Remedy at once.*

The reader must be aware that, however slight may be the attack of the above diseases, it is certain to affect *his bodily Health, Mental Powers, Happiness, and his Posterity.*

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WE MAKE NO SECRET OF INGREDIENTS.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU

Is composed of *Buchu, Cubebs, and Juniper Berries*, selected with great care and prepared in vacuo by H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist and Chemist, of sixteen years' experience in the city of Philadelphia, and now prescribed by the most eminent of the faculty, and have been admitted to use in the United States Army, and are also in very general use in State Hospitals and public Sanitary Institutions throughout the land. Price $1 per bottle, or six for $5. Delivered to any address, accompanied by explicit directions. Direct letters to

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Or HELMBOLD'S Medical Depot,

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Beware of counterfeits. Ask for HELMBOLD'S, and take no other.

Physician in attendance from 7 o'clock A. M. to 8 P. M.

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DR. W. R. MERWIN & CO.'S COLUMN FOR THE CHEROKEE MEDICINES.

COMPOUNDED FROM ROOTS, BARKS, AND LEAVES.

CHEROKEE REMEDY, the great Indian Diuretic cures all diseases of the urinary organs, such as Incontinence of the Urine Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Stone in the Bladder, Stricture, Gravel, Gleet, Gonorrhœa, and is especially recommended in those cases of Fever Affections (or Weeds in females) where all the old nauseous medicines have failed.

It is prepared in a highly concentrated form, the dose only being from one to two teaspoonfuls three times per day.

It is simple and a tonic in its action; purifying and cleansing the blood, causing it to flow in all its original purity and vigor, thus removing from the system all impurities causes which have induced disease.

CHEROKEE INJECTION is intended as an ally or assistant to the CHEROKEE REMEDY, and should be used in conjunction with that medicine in all cases of Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Fever Affections or Whites. Its effects are healing, soothing, and demulcent, removing all scalding heat, chordee, and pain, instead of the burning and almost unendurable pain that is experienced with nearly all the cheap quack Injections.

By the use of the CHEROKEE REMEDY and CHEROKEE INJECTION the two medicines at the same time—all improper discharges are removed, and the wasted organs are speedily restored to full vigor and strength.

For full particulars get our pamphlet from any druggist in the country, or write us, and we will mail free to any address a full treatise.

CHEROKEE CURE.—An unfailing cure for Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Nervous Emissions, and all diseases caused by Self-pollution, such as Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pains in the back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, Weak Nerves, Timidity of Receiving, Trembling, Wakefulness, Eruptions on the Face, Pale Countenance, Insanity, Consumption, and all the direful complaints caused by departing from the path of nature.

This medicine is a simple vegetable extract, and one on which all can rely, as it has been used in our practice for many years, and with thousands treated, it has not failed in a single instance. Its curative powers have been sufficient to gain victory over the most stubborn case.

To those who have trifled with their constitutions until they think themselves beyond the reach of medical aid, we would say HEAVAIR NOT! for the CHEROKEE CURE will restore you to health and vigor, and after allopathic doctors have failed.

DR. WRIGHT'S REJUVENATING ELIXIR; or, Essence of Life! Prepared from pure Vegetable Extracts, containing nothing injurious to the most delicate.

The Rejuvenating Elixir is the result of months discoveries in the vegetable kingdom; being an entirely new and abstract method of cure, irrespective of all the old and worn-out systems.

This medicine has been tested by the most eminent medical men of the day, and by them pronounced to be one of the greatest medical discoveries of the age.

One to two will cure General Debility.

A few doses cure Hysterics in Females.

One bottle cures palpitation of the heart.

A few doses restore the organs of generation.

From one to three bottles restore the manliness and full vigor of youth.

A few doses restore the appetite.

Three bottles cure the worst case of Impotency.

A few doses cure the low spirited.

One bottle restores mental power.

A few doses bring the rose to the cheek.

This medicine restores to manly vigor and robust health the poor debilitated, worn-down, and despairing devotee of sensual pleasure.

In the CHEROKEE MEDICINES, the unfortunate will find a ray of deliverance from suffering and guilt. A day of gladness and hope, when they shall no longer suffer without cessation or repose, either through nervousness, or the results of secret practices.

The "Cherokee Medicines" accomplish their ransom—their emancipation. An emancipation so great, so admirable, and so prolific of universal good, that every one will prove, in any and every case, faithful and never-failing friends in the hour of need.

They cure Suppressed, Excessive, and Painful Menstruation.

They cure Green Sickness (Chlorosis).

They cure Nervous and Spinal Affections, Pains in the Back and lower parts of the Body, Heaviness, Pains on Slight Exertion, Palpitation of the Heart, Lowness of Spirits, Hysteria, Sick Headache, Childbearing, &c., &c. In a word, by removing the irregularity, they remove the cause, and with it all the effects that spring from it.

Composed of simple vegetable extracts, they contain nothing deleterious to any constitution, however delicate, their function being to substitute strength for weakness, which, when properly used, they never fail to do.

They may be safely used at any age and at any period, except during the first month, during which the unfailing nature of their action would instill by energetic pregnancy.

Prices of the Cherokee Medicines—Cherokee Remedy, $2 a bottle, or 3 bottles for $5. Cherokee Injection, $2 a bottle, or 3 bottles for $5. Dr. Wright's Elixir, $2 a bottle, or 3 bottles for $5. Cherokee Pills, for females, $1 a box, or 6 boxes for $5.

We send all the CHEROKEE MEDICINES by Express (except the Cherokee Pills, these are sent by mail, free of postage), on receipt of price, to any part of the civilized world, securely packed, in such a manner that no one through whose hands they may pass would know the contents.

Ladies or gentlemen can address us in perfect confidence, and we will in all cases frankly answer their letters, and give our opinion of each individual case. We prescribe no mineral.

THE CHEROKEE MEDICINES are sold by all enterprising druggists in the civilized world. Some unprincipled dealers, however, try to sell worthless compounds in place of these—those which they can get at a cheap price, and make more money by selling than they can on the CHEROKEE MEDICINES. As you value your health—yea, the health of your offspring—do not be deceived by such unprincipled druggists. Ask for THESE MEDICINES, and take no others.

Patients addressing us will please write Post Office, County, State, and name of writer, plain, and inclose postage stamp for reply.

We wish to send every reader of this paper our thirty-two page pamphlet free.

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Under the above title a company has been formed, to enable consumers, large and small, by the aggregate of their yearly expenditure for coal, to own their own colliery and to supply themselves with the article at cost.

The greatly increased prices of all commodities, with the greater increase still threatening, should lead consumers to devise and avail themselves of every practicable method of economizing upon their own consumption. As far as the mere luxuries of life are concerned, this may be accomplished by abstinence; but as to its necessaries, some other principle must be called into requisition.

In the list of necessaries, few articles hold a higher place than coal, and in regard to this the *mutual principle* is, fortunately, both applicable and adequate.

A ton of coal delivered at the yard in Philadelphia costs about $7. Delivered at the consumer's door it costs $12. The difference is $5, and yet the cost of carting is only 50 cents.

The explanation is simple. The collier must have his profit, the jobber must have his profit, and the retailer must have his profit. Why cannot consumers, by combining for a single year the amount of their expenditures for coal, possess their own colliery, and make these three profits for themselves?

The Consumers' Mutual Coal Company offers an unusually favorable opportunity for carrying these principles into practical operation. The Company has purchased an old-established colliery, about five miles above Pottsville, with steam-engines, breakers, miners' houses, blacksmith-shops, saw-mill, cars, mules, and all the equipments for a business of 150,000 tons of coal per annum, and having a right for sixteen years to work, over a mile in length, the best three veins in Schuylkill county—the Skidmore vein, eleven feet thick; the Mammoth vein, from twenty-five to thirty feet thick; and the Seven Foot vein.

The colliery is now producing 150 tons per day of best quality White Ash Coal, and a new slope is almost completed which will increase its capacity to 300 tons per day.

The present net cost of a ton of coal delivered from said colliery at the door of the consumer is:—

Royalty, mining, breaking, loading, &c.	$1 25
Toll and freight on Reading Railroad	3 68
Delivery at consumer's door	50
	$7 43
The retail price at the coal yard is	$12 00

Saving on the mutual plan per ton is $4 57

The consumer often tons of coal per year can subscribe ten shares of stock at $10 per share, and will be entitled to ten tons of coal at net cost for sixteen years. At present prices he will save about $50 the first year. Should the price of coal increase, as is strongly apprehended, the saving will be still greater.

The present annual production of the colliery is 50,000 tons only, or one ton per share of stock; but the immediate infusion of fresh cash capital into it will increase its production, before the end of the year, to the rate of 150,000 tons. This will enable the